MAY 1, 1934

THE BYSTANDER
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The BYSTANDER

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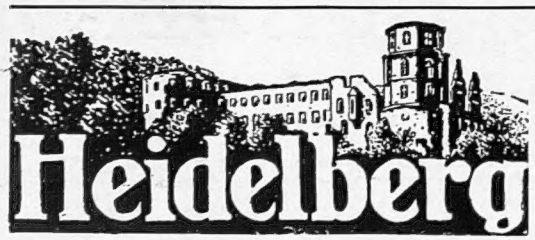

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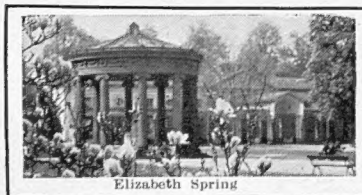

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The Bystander, May 1, 1934

No. 1585. Vol. CXXII

The BYSTANDER

George F. Cannons

INA CLAIRE

Yet another star has joined the golden constellation of actresses that shines so brilliantly in the theatres of London at the moment. Ina Claire, in S. N. Behrman's play, "Biography," takes the part of a portrait-painter who, in the course of her career, has learnt how to replace the rules of strict morality by those dictated by her own intelligence, feelings, and natural good taste as regards the men who attract her. Laurence Olivier is the young journalist who persuades her to write the autobiography which gives the play its name. Ina Claire has been known to London audiences before as a musical-comedy favourite and on the screen; at the Globe she shows herself what New York has long known her to be—a comedy actress of ability, wit, and very great charm

Looking at London

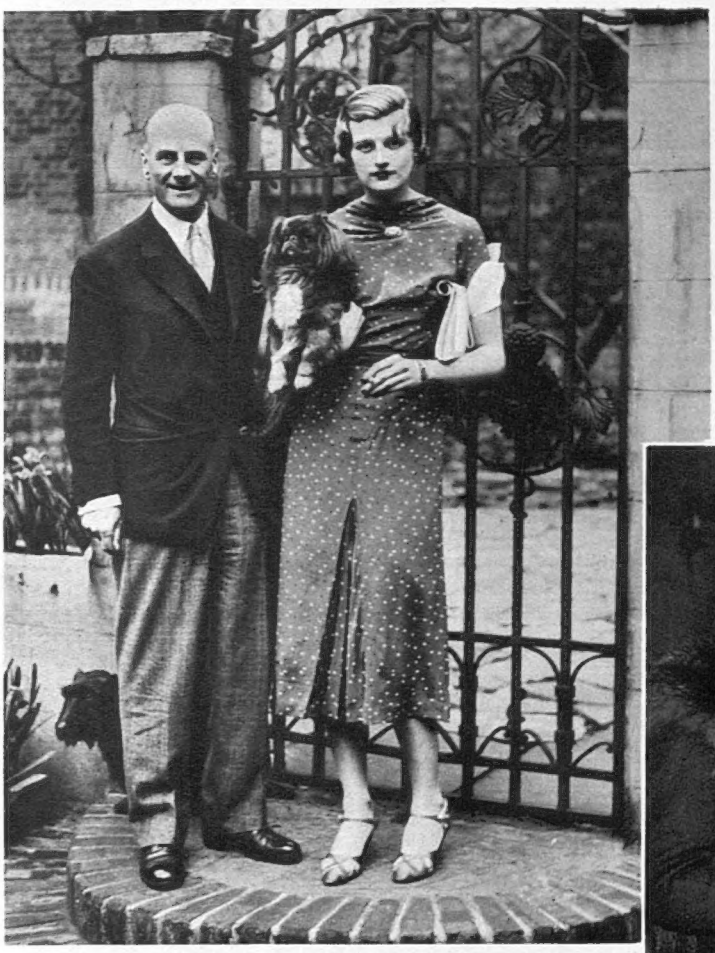
As the Season Gets Under Way

Left: Mr. Kenneth Thornton, younger son of Mrs. T. B. Thornton, of 31, Norfolk Street, and Miss Angela Brett, elder daughter of Lieut.-Col. the Hon. Maurice and Mrs. Brett (Zena Dare), were married at St. Margaret's, Westminster, last week

Mr. Kenneth Thornton and Miss Angela Brett

Four Guests and a Bridesmaid at the Thornton-Brett

Mr. Lyle, Mr. Brian Franks, and the Hon. Elizabeth Brand on the way to 21, Hill Street, Lord and Lady Esher's house, where Mrs. Brett held the reception after her daughter's wedding



A Débutante and Her Father

Mr. and Mrs. Cyril Davis, Miss Peta Davis's parents, have a house in Cadogan Place, with a garden, where Mr. Davis, his daughter, and her Peke, Bill, were photographed. She is twenty, is being presented this year and, having been out and about more than most debs, is the obvious leader of the season's new recruits

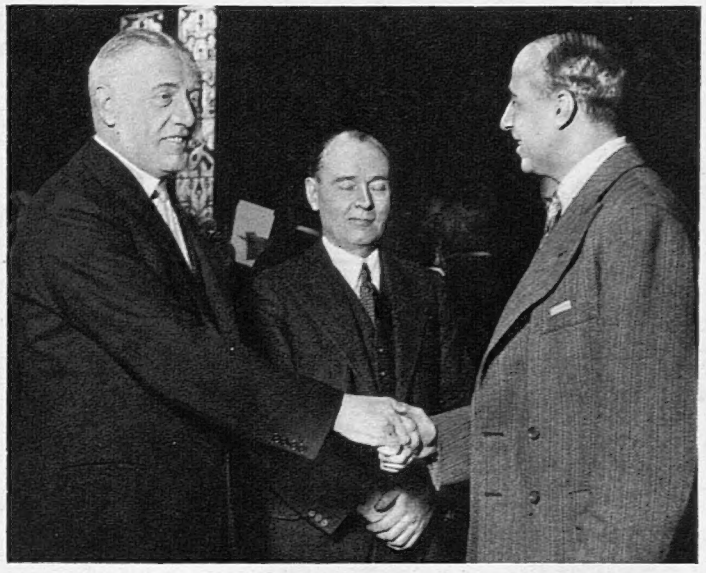
Miss Hersey Coke, Miss Bee Batlivala, Miss Susan Henderson, and Miss Daphne Hancock were at Miss Peta Davis's party for the Committee of the Pageant of Runnymede Ball, which is dated for June 8th at Great Fosters. Miss Susan Henderson has been marked down as one of the prettiest of this year's débutantes

Sir Ian Malcolm and Mr. and Mrs. Victor Malcolm were three more of the Thornton-Brett wedding guests. Mrs. Malcolm (Ann Todd) is appearing in Leslie Storm's play, "Dark Horizon," at Daly's

Left: Miss Leonie Harrison, one of Miss Brett's ten bridesmaids, who wore flowered chiffon dresses and carried spring-flower posies, talking to Miss Joan Lindsay in Hill Street

Right: Miss Kenny and Mrs. Percy Lawson-Johnston had a nice spray of orchids each as decoration for their evening coats when they went to the "Why Not To-Night?" première last week

Wedding



A Coming-of-Age Party

Lord Camrose and Mr. J. C. Akerman greeting a guest at the lunch given for Mr. Akerman, the founder of the "Advertisers' Weekly," to celebrate the twenty-first birthday of the paper. The lunch was held, with Lord Camrose as chairman, at Stationers' Hall

The Hon. Mrs. Macalpine, Mr. Arthur Smith-Bingham, Captain Owen, Mr. Austin O'Connor, and Mrs. Evelyn MacDonald went to the Palace Theatre for the first night of the new revue, "Why Not To-Night?" in which Nelson Keys makes some of his typically well-disguised appearances

They Like First Nights

Mr. and Mrs. Claude Leigh, who are as inveterate first-nighters as any married couple in London, were two of the Palace audience

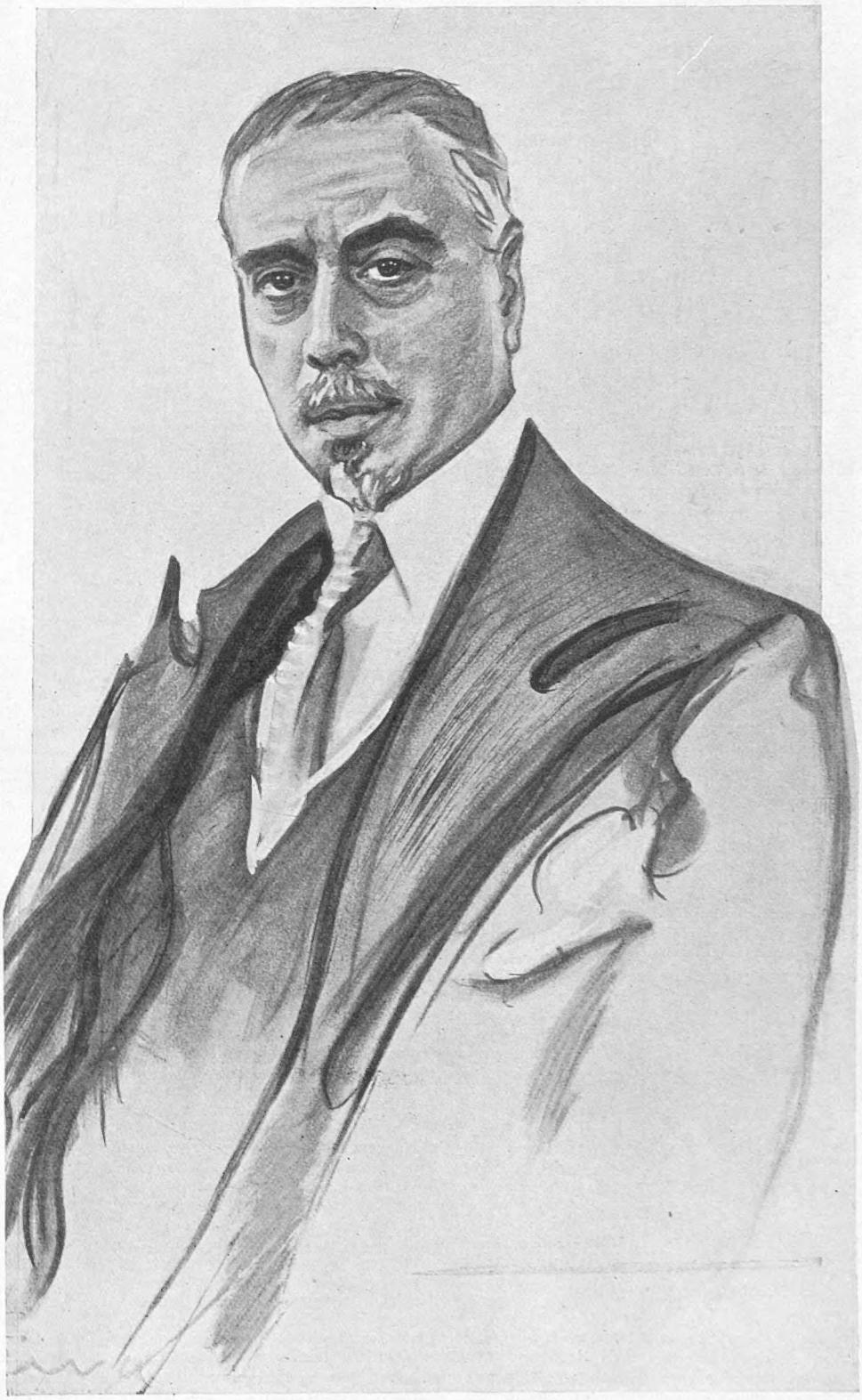
SPRING IDYLL

Miss Kay Stammers and Miss Freda James photographed among the daffodils before playing for the King of Sweden's Cup at the Royal Automobile Club's Country Club at Woodcote Park. Both girls have distinguished lawn-tennis records, and have recently returned from visiting Jamaica. Miss Stammers was ranked No. 4 in the British list last year and is the winner of many tournaments; her latest success being the winning of the open singles at Roehampton, when she beat Mrs. King. Miss James is, perhaps, better at doubles than at singles, and has represented England v. America in a Wightman Cup contest

CELEBRITIES in CAMEO

No. 48. Sir Thomas Beecham

Potted by Charles Gay Caricatured by Sirra



SIR THOMAS BEECHAM is undoubtedly the d'Artagnan of music. He treats his bâton as a rapier. His two greatest emotions in life are admiration for the English—and his contempt for them. He boasts that there is one critic in London who understands music, which is one more, he claims, than there is in most cities. Witty, sardonic, and charming, he nevertheless takes himself very seriously. He believes profoundly that if every musician alive were wiped out, he could recreate the world of music single-handed. As a child he was a boy-prodigy on the piano until he put his thumb out in a cricket match. But he can still play beautifully.

To-day he lives in Abbey Lodge, overlooking Regent's Park, and his hobbies include the Inland Revenue, high collars, and gramophone records of low French comedians. He is a great connoisseur of wines, food, and cigars, and the only thing he likes to forget is the occasion when his braces broke in a New York concert and he had to conduct with one hand while he held up his trousers with the other.

THE perfect Mozart conductor, he ought always to appear at concerts in a powdered wig. But perhaps the best way to explain him is by telling three of his best mots. To an orchestra, after rehearsal, he said: "I will see you to-night, gentlemen, and you will please turn up in whiteish shirts." To an operatic tenor, during rehearsal, he said: "There is a nice distinction, Mr. ———, between pianissimo and complete inaudibility." To the Albert Hall Chorus, during *The Messiah*, he observed: "I know the weaknesses of human nature, but when you sing 'All we, like sheep, have gone astray,' will you kindly not look so pleased about it."

Oh, yes, Tommy Beecham is a great chap. Classical scholar, wit, student of history, Fellow of the Royal College of Music, and member of the Devonshire Club, he is only fifty-five years old, despite his beard. How else could he conduct for hours at a time, dancing on his toes like a rumba expert, waving his arms with more energy than an athlete with Indian clubs, and jerking his neck like a professional footballer heading innumerable goals? During the Opera season, it is true, he has a certain amount of massage, and then a six weeks' holiday. But he certainly deserves it.

C

Tennis without Tears

The Melbury Tournament in Retrospect

By Godfrey Winn

Mrs. King, née Miss Mudford, whose forehand drive won her the Singles Cup at the Melbury Tournament

R. Miki, the Japanese Davis Cup Captain, who beat V. G. Kirby in the final at Melbury

Miss Nancy Lyle who, with Miss Evelyn Dearman, made a fine doubles pair and were Melbury winners

Miss Peggy Scriven, of Yorkshire, and Champion of France, the singles finalist

GERALD HEARD, in his new book, suggests that the future of civilisation lies on the tennis courts. That is to say, if the world is to be saved from a state of decay and degeneracy it will be through the increasing practise of this particular form of athletic art.

This suggestion, coming as it does from the most brilliant of the younger school of scientists, is not really so startling as at first sight it would appear. Tennis, at its best, is a game that exercises every physical and mental muscle: it is the most satisfying of all sports from the æsthetic point of view: indeed, of all games played to-day, it most nearly conforms to the Grecian ideal of beauty in movement, captured for all time on the walls of the Parthenon.

I found myself thinking what admirable material was provided by the Melbury Tournament for a modern version of that famous frieze, captured on this occasion by the battery of cameras and ciné-Kodaks. Re-shown in slow motion, some of those pictures are miracles of beauty. The stress and torment of the battle is erased: only the grace of movement remains.

TAKE, for instance, the star match on the opening day, when Mrs. Fearnley-Whittingstall, appearing on the centre court in blue linen shorts, just failed in the last set against the wiles of that arch-retriever, Mrs. Wheatcroft, who, from the spectators' point of view, looks like a "rabbit," but from her opponent's, only too often turns out to be a "snake in the grass." Those loop drives on the forehand—how easy they look, how difficult, especially on a hard court, are they to put away for winners, as Mrs. Whittingstall found to her cost!

The latter was also serving far too many doubles for a player who is acknowledged to have the best service of any woman in England. She seems to suffer increasingly from nerves on court—a weakness that she must conquer if she is to regain her position in the Wightman Cup team this summer. Of course, it is early in the season to make predictions, but frankly, I do not think her partnership with "Billie" Yorke in the Ladies' Doubles is going to prove a success. They were beaten at Roehampton and again at Melbury by Miss Nancy Lyle and Miss Dearman, and both were decisive victories.

MISS YORKE is, in my opinion, the best doubles player we possess, and I should like to see her partnered by the L.T.A. with Kay Stammers, whose devastating forehand would make a multitude of openings for Miss Yorke at the net. At Melbury Miss Stammers partnered Mrs. King and they lost to the same pair as the others in the final. In any case, Mrs. King is not a good doubles player. Her forte is for singles; she needs the whole court for the exercise of her game. She is not a pretty player, either: every time she hits the ball she reminds one of a Roman soldier falling on his sword, but she is a desperately difficult player to beat. This year she is playing better than ever—as witness the way she swept Dorothy Round, ranked No. 1 in England, off the court in the semi-final, with the loss of only four games, and, again, held on to victory in the final against Miss Scriven, who, with her customary courage, was at her best when she was behindhand in the last set.

Such courage can and does win its possessor many victories, but, all the same, I am afraid that this Yorkshire girl will never win the championship at Wimbledon until she widens her repertoire of attacking strokes and eradicates her definite weakness on the backhand. On this wing she still cocks up her elbow as she hits the ball in a way that is fatal to fluency. What a pity it is that Miss Scriven does not put herself in the hands of Captain Caulfield, who has just taken up a coaching appointment at Melbury. "Bunny" Austin simply swears by his methods of teaching, and goes to him regularly every week, while another of his pupils, Miss Morfey, showed the measure of her improvement by defeating Nancy Lyle and Mrs. Gladstone, better known as Naomi Trentham, on successive days.

WHAT a marvellous entry Melbury secured this year, especially on the distaff side. It was, indeed, a dress rehearsal for Bournemouth. There was, for instance, Mrs. Peter Howard, who, as Mlle. Metaxa, won the Ladies' Doubles at Wimbledon, making her first appearance in competitive tennis since her marriage to the famous "Rugger" International; he was often to be seen in the club-house during the week, anxiously watching his wife on court, and was so inspired by her play as to sally forth with a racket himself! He modestly confined himself to the handicap events, as did Miss Yvonne Arnaud, whose gay banter during rallies so encouraged her partners and enchanted her opponents that her appearances were one and all gala ones. Even the magnolia-tree in the far distant corner of the ground burst into bloom!

I doubt, however, if any of the players made a pilgrimage to wonder at its glory. They were, not surprisingly, too busy seeking glory for themselves on court. Lord Pollington, a keen and greatly-improved performer, put up an excellent fight against a Wimbledon player, in the person of J. D. Morris, who is much more difficult to beat than would appear at a casual glance. He has a crooked style but a clever brain, which he uses to the utmost advantage.

It is a pity that more players of his class do not follow his example and change their tactics according to their opponents and the actual state of the game. So many of them are only at their best when safely in a winning position. There are exceptions, of course. At Melbury there was the man who is first-class at more ball games than anyone else in the world—Gandar-Dower, who gave a dazzling display against D. H. Williams of how to use every angle of the court: again, there was that thorn in the flesh of so many stars—Sleem—who, returning to England after thirteen years, hoodooed his opponents into playing his own soft game, seeming only to enjoy a match of marathon proportions.

Miki, however, was not to be put off his usual game like the others. He hustled Sleem all over the court until, in desperation, the latter began to hit hard. As someone ironically remarked: "He must be in a bad way to do that." And he was. Miki throughout the week was in devastating form. Indeed, I have never seen him play so well. It was as though his inclusion in the Japanese Davis Cup team, owing to the tragic death of Satoh, had inspired him with new confidence and exaltation. He never really looked like losing a set even in the final to Kirby, who found his opponent's drives on this occasion keeping so low as to make his usual advances to the net unprofitable in the extreme.

While this match was being played before a packed gallery, there was an equally tense battle in progress on another court, in which one of the combatants of this handicap final was a lad of sixteen. His name is Filby. On this occasion he was the loser, after a long fight. Next time, I predict victory for him. Undoubtedly he is star material, and in a few years' time, in the open singles, should be slaying many of the Goliaths that helped to make this year's tournament at Melbury the best both in quality and quantity that they have had up to date.

LASTLY, tribute must be paid to the unceasing activity of Colonel Powell—the power behind the throne—whose never-failing charm and courtesy not only won every player's heart, but even shamed the rain into silence on the Saturday afternoon so that the finals could be played after all, and the magnolia-tree dared to reopen its waxen, magical petals towards a still watery spring sky.

Left: H. S. Cayzer, A. V. C. Robarts, Capt. R. A. G. Bingley, and D. S. Schreiber, the Crimson Ramblers' team, who won in the first round of the Beaufort Polo Club's Spring Tournament

The Crimson Ramblers Open the Polo Season

Below: Miss P. Burrell on Billy Dear II., after winning the ladies' race for the Farquhar Deuchar Challenge Cup, in the joint point-to-point held by the Percy, West Percy, and Col. Milvain's. This was her third win on Billy Dear II. this season

From Spring to Summer

The Last of the Point-to-Points: the First of the Polo

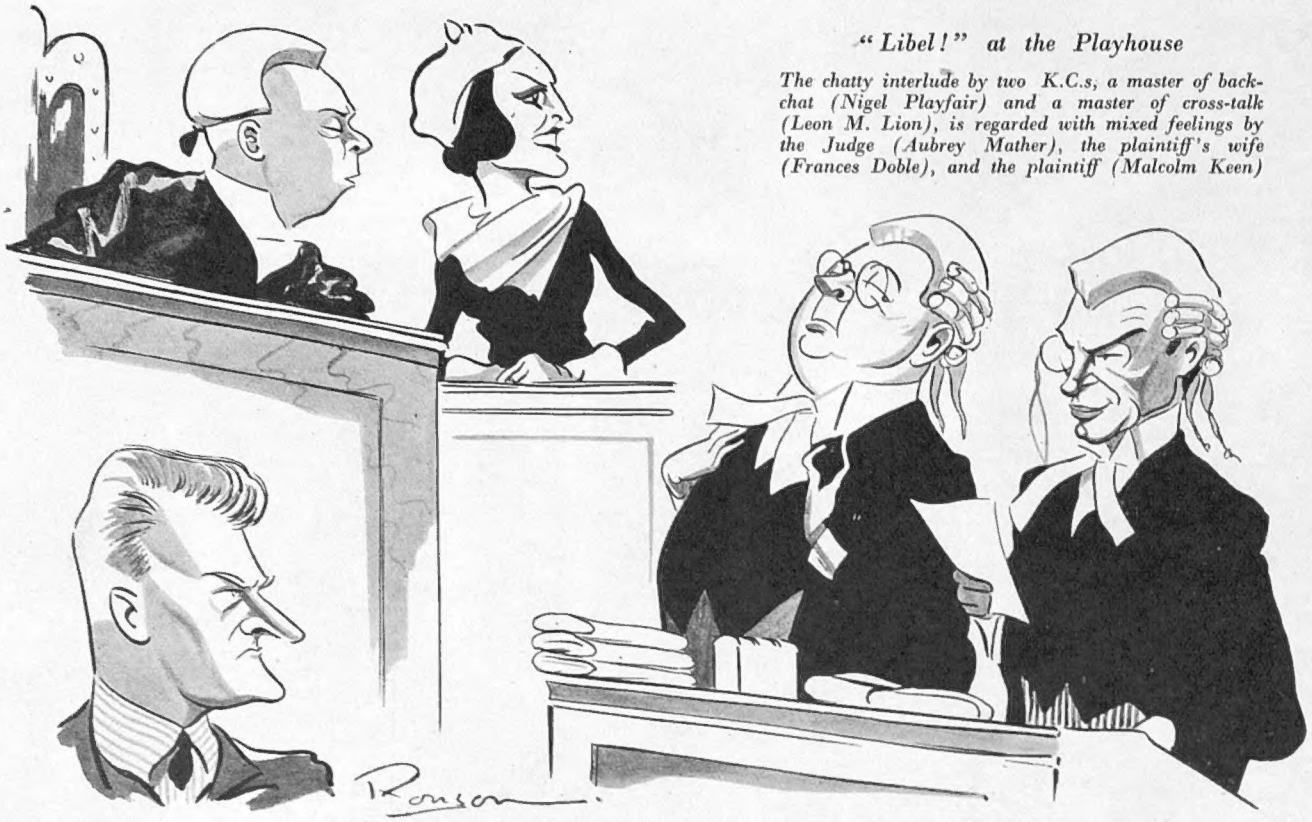
Left: Mr. Philip de Laszlo talking to Lady Cholmondeley at the Crawley and Horsham point-to-point, held at Littleworth, Partridge Green

A Winner in Sussex

After weighing-out: Mrs. Pope, who won the ladies' race at the Crawley and Horsham meeting, on Denison

And Three More in Wiltshire

Miss Diana Bell, on Iliad II., Miss E. M. Betty, on Scalded Cat, and Miss B. de Winton, on Just Jane, were first, third, and second, respectively, in the ladies' nomination race at the Wilton point-to-point, at Toyd, near Salisbury



"Libel!" at the Playhouse

The chatty interlude by two K.C.s, a master of back-chat (Nigel Playfair) and a master of cross-talk (Leon M. Lion), is regarded with mixed feelings by the Judge (Aubrey Mather), the plaintiff's wife (Frances Doble), and the plaintiff (Malcolm Keen)

Second Thoughts on First Nights

"Sixteen," at the Comedy

Irene (Antoinette Cellier) celebrates her newly-acquired adolescence with silk undies and dislike for mother's second marriage

THERE are two plays on hand which, if they've done nothing else, have given me a new word to bandy about when the talk takes a Freudian turn. "Fixation" is pretty good, I think, and rather more ominous than "Complex." Anyway, it's about the only excuse for *There's Always To-morrow*, by Lionel Brown, which springs from a "son fixation," and *Sixteen*, by Aimée and Philip Stuart, which is about a highly-strung schoolgirl with a "mother fixation."

Mr. Brown's play is one more variation (and I'm sorry to say, for Mary Newcomb's sake, a very preposterous one) on the theme of the limpet-mother, who provided good sport in *The Silver Chord*. Lady Carlingford, married at seventeen and now thirty-eight, behaves as if she were her son's lover. Possibly, but not probably, that explains why he funked confessing that the girl-friend he'd brought home from America was his wife. Mother, with her golf handicap of five and her nervous energy for tennis and dancing, monopolised the boy so feverishly that her second husband (Austin Trevor), had to tell her gently to lay off.

Then the local dean, whose wife (Kate Cutler) backed horses with her Ladyship's ex-actor butler (Henry Hewitt), dropped a brick about the girl's father having been a curate of his who'd been de-frocked for drink. The heredity theory gave Mother the idea of putting alcohol in her rival's sauterne and Miss Viola Keats a grand chance of putting over a drunken scene.

The boy wept to think his wife was a secret drinker, but omitted to mention why he hadn't noticed it before. He'd been two years in America under Prohibition, the young sap. However, the butler obligingly pretended to be drunk on the same bottle, and that saved Mother from confession and scuppered heredity by proving the drink was wrong and not the drinker.

My fixation about this nicely-acted play is that the author has gone too far with Mother. "SIXTEEN" is rather "mumsie" and South Kensington, but there are Muriel Aked, as a family servant full of homely wisecracks, and Alexis France, as an irrepressible younger sister, to take the morbid edge off adolescence in the selfish throes of mother-worship.

Irene gets hysterical and suicidal on contemplating the physical aspects of her mother's second marriage. She has seen herself as the maternal protector and partner in business, and the sudden advent of wealth and a title (Godfrey Tearle's) only brings jealousy, revulsion, and despair. This mother-fixation bothers everyone a good deal more than it need, if the crisis hadn't been unfairly precipitated by the suddenness of the wedding; and, finally, the family doctor (H. G. Stoker) has to disillusionise the girl about her father. In the bad old days it would have been the castor-oil and plain speaking, both of which have their points even now.

This bald outline does scant justice to a pleasant little play which most women will adore for its domestic touches and deft dialogue. Antoinette Cellier tackles Miss Sixteen with the simple freshness of youth and a promising foretaste of an emotional range. Godfrey Tearle is wasted; Alexis France is puckish and not a day over fourteen; and Muriel Aked, in cap and apron, has another field day.

MY news about *Libel!* is belated but reassuring. Ward Dorance is the pen-name of the Recorder of Carlisle, who knows the routine of a court-scene and has made good use of judicial blandness (Aubrey Mather) and contrasting K.C.s (Sir Nigel Playfair, effectively quiet, and Leon M. Lion, all bluff and bluster). Suspense and surprise make the realism entertaining, the only flaw in the mechanism being the odd behaviour of the plaintiff's wife (Frances Doble).

TRINCULO.

Seen about Town

At Weddings and What Not

Mrs. "Dandy" Wallace and Mrs. Charles Graham

Below: the Earl and Countess of Dumfries

Lady Ursula Manners and the Duchess of Rutland

Lady Marion Philipps and Miss Rosemary Streatfeild

Lady Montagu of Beaulieu

Miss Diane Chamberlain and Lady Chamberlain

London Newspaper Golfing Society at Coombe Hill

Caught in the rain by H. H. Harris at the Spring Meeting

A little difference in waterproof bags will be noticed above. E. M. I. Buxton and E. G. Clark

T. W. Turner

Right: a strong finish by Vezey Strong

"Freddy" Poke poking 'em up the fairway

W. A. Sanderson playing out of sand

Top, right: Dudley Maddick enjoying the rain

H. Mansell-Pleydell, very playful

Two kinds of follow-through in a family: Sir Frank Bowater and Noel Bowater

Keith J. Thomas, the Secretary. "What have you done?"

G. S. Royds, after playing a bad shot

Right: K. Witherington. Wither the winning card

Standing By . . .

A Weekly Commentary on One Thing and Another

By "The Bystanders"

Latest from the Danish Front

HAVING been invited to lecture to some chain-gang or other in Copenhagen, we thought it best to accept the invitation, not because we would get a free holiday—oh, dear us, no!—but purely out of a sense of duty to you, pretty darlings. We felt instinctively that you wanted news from Denmark. We had a sort of feeling—you know; what we girls, bless our little hearts, call "feminine intuition," and what those clumsy, ox-witted men call "a darned guess"—that you were aching for the latest from Copenhagen, so we loyally suppressed our inclination to stay at home. We packed our bag and set out.

Just before leaving London, however, there was a very nasty incident, really most unpleasant. We heard that a strike had been declared at the port of Esbjerg, and so we rang up the Danish Legation and asked if it was safe for us to travel. The official replied: "It is perfectly safe. You see, they are striking against the import of pigs, not of lecturers. And we Danes are very clever. We can often tell the difference." Smart, perhaps, but rather unnecessary, we thought. Eh?

A Pleasing Custom

As soon as our train steamed into Copenhagen at the crack of dawn, we tottered out on to the platform and found ourselves at once surrounded by a bevy of charming young ladies. We blinked nervously and tried to look like Señor Don Ramon Novarro (a difficult task when one is overwhelmed with the knowledge that one is looking like a slice of underdone halibut). The young damosels turned out to be all reporters from the various newspapers, for it is the pleasing custom of Danish journalism that distinguished foreigners, of whom we are seven, who arrive in bad tempers at the crack of dawn are more easily thawed into eloquence, nay, garrulity even, by a pretty girl than by a stout, middle-aged gent. who is probably in a bad temper himself. We fell a victim, of course, to this Machiavellian dodge and were soon in the middle of a spirited harangue upon the incidence of indirect taxation upon the counties of Flint, Merioneth, and Rutland respectively. Indeed, it was not until the station-master came up and touched our shoulder that we came to the surface with a jerk and realised that we were alone on the platform and that the beauties had slipped away. We had done the exact opposite of "causing a crowd to collect."

Copenhagen

THE chief sport of this big, open, clean, handsome city is bicycle-dodging. Or, if you look at it from the point of view of the shikari, pedestrian-hunting on bicycles. The city is one solid mass of these fierce and dangerous instruments of locomotion, and if you don't look jolly nippy they will pounce on you in no time. However, if you fortify yourself with a glass or two of Danish schnapps, which tastes exactly like a torchlight procession and makes a noise in your ears like a march of Sousa being rendered by the massed brass bands at a Crystal Palace beano of massed brass bands, you can then muster up enough nerve to make a dash at crossing a street. After you have got across, you stagger to a café, of course, and have another torchlight procession.

More about Denmark next week, pretty ones. We must go and lecture now on Some Sidelights on the World-trend in Occupational Psychologies.

"Keep straight ahead, Mary. Let him get out of our way this time"

More Headaches for Shipping Companies

No sooner has the fearful problem of how to land Sammy Insull been settled, than a new and far more tricky one seems likely to crop up in the near future. Mr. Bronstein, sometimes known as Monsieur Molinié, and once, in earlier days, as Comrade Trotsky, is having trouble again about his visa. Latest advices are that he is applying for leave to land in Turkey. But suppose it is refused, and the French Government puts him on to a liner and tells him to go away, what will happen? Will the shipping company be forced to carry him backwards and forwards, say, from Cherbourg to Tahiti, for the rest of his life? And suppose he refused to pay his passage? Would they have to carry him free of charge? It is a fierce problem and we are glad we are not, nor are ever likely to be, the P. and O. Steam Navigation Company.

The Matadors' Come-Back

Two of the most famous matadors in Spain are reported to be trying that

"Now, let me see—did *I turn the bath taps off?"*

most elusive and difficult of all feats, "staging a comeback." (Matador, by the way, means the same as torero or espada; they are all three Spanish equivalents for the purely English word "toreador.") Belmonte, who used to earn £1200 a day, is one of them and the other is El Gallo, the Cock. They have, it is said, been caught in the slump and their savings have been swept away. Bull-fighting has lately come to the fore in Anglo-Saxon literature, with Mr. Ernest Hemingway's *Death in the Afternoon*, and Miss Marguerite Steen's *Matador*, and if you read either of those two books (always assuming that you can read), you will realise the astonishing position which a really top-class matador attains in the imagination of the Spanish people. The whole world is at his feet. We ourselves were in Spain in 1921 when young Joselito, the greatest of them all, was killed in the bull-ring at Talavera-la-Reina. You would have thought that Spain had lost a great battle from the passionate outburst of grief that swept the four corners of the Peninsula. And to-day, if you say to a Spaniard, "I was at Talavera-la-Reina," he will know at once what you mean.

More Garden Notes

SOON we shall be in the Season of Debutantia pulcherrima. There are no varieties of this beautiful species of hardy annual, as all the flowers look exactly the same. On the first really important occasion of their coming out, these flowers have three white plumes on their heads and can be seen in London, especially by people standing on the pavements of the Mall. After one year Debutantia pulcherrima is succeeded by a new crop, and the older plants often develop into Matrona severa.

This has been a wretched year for the Magnolia (Street variety). One was produced and withered in a very short time. (It is rumoured in Pen Club circles that Shakespeare's hackneyed stuff about gilding the lily is to be replaced in polite conversation by the more up-to-date Golding the Magnolia.) The usual hardy perennials will be with us, of course, such as Rosa Lady Thugge and Violet Mrs. Rappe-Scallyon. On the other hand, it was an exceptionally entrancing spring, as June came back in March.

Brainstorms in the Vicarage

THE Rectories, Deaneries, Parsonages, Vicarages, and what not, of Merrie England are humming with brain-work

THESPÆANS

No. 31.—Mr. Ralph Lynn

AS Portrayer-in-Chief of the Priceless Old Ass
With an unerring eye for a good-looking lass,
And a fund of remarks that are patently "blah,"
Our Mr. Ralph Lynn proves he 's well above par—For
When playing one whose sin
Is a fondness for the bin
Allied to glad-eye-itis
There is none to equal Lynn.

With his monocle fixed as with glue in his eye,
He will tell, without quaking, the most fearsome lie,
And excuse all his faults with a wave of the hand,
Plus a smile, like Ah Sin's, that is "childlike and bland"—For
He 's the Old Mutt's Paladin
And the Cheery Lads' King-Pin
Who, on the stage, comes up to scratch.

The Masher, the Dude, and the Lad and K'nut,
Et hoc genus omne we group under "Mutt,"
Have never been better portrayed on the stage
Than by Ralph when he pictures their whole Lynneage—So
Whenever he trots in
With that most infectious grin,
The Lah-di-Dahling of the "Gods,"
Is priceless Mr. Lynn.

B. W.

"Sorry, Sir, not Spumoni Vermicilli; that's the proprietor"

"Mr. Pilkington! Three million people are looking at you"

these days. We do not wish to suggest for one instant that they do not always teem with little grey cells, but just at this juncture in Imperial affairs they are buzzing with exceptional vehemence. You ask us what they are doing all this brain-work about? Very well. Since you ask us, we 'll tell you. They are picking Test Match teams to play against Australia. They are tearing their scholarly locks in a feverish attempt to assess the respective merits of Messrs. Clark and Voce. (By the way, a friend of ours has been combing Italy for years to find a young man with an aptitude for cricket whose name is Sotto and who would be prepared to qualify by residence for Nottinghamshire. He would, of course, go on to bowl first with Mr. Voce.) To return. If you go into almost any vicarage to-day, you will hear a cultured voice saying something like this on the telephone: "But, my dear Prebendary, you cannot deny my first premise that Sutcliffe is the man to stand fast rebus in arduis." Or, "But, Mr. Dean, I fear I cannot agree with the second sub-section of your fifth major thesis that Duckworth is a preferable stumper to Ames." Or, "To suggest, sub-Precentor, that a Gunn is greater than Verity smacks to me of heresy. Magna est Verity, remember, Mr. sub-Precentor, et praevalebit."

As for ourselves, our little syndicate of youth and gaiety has been sadly torn by civil war. We have forwarded our respective arguments to the Selection Committee and are expecting a letter by every post from Sir Stanley Jackson, inviting us to join the Committee.

Andra'

THE death of Andrew Kirkaldy, the famous golf professional at St. Andrews, has removed one of the most famous of the old-time personalities of the game. He was never Champion, but he was at the top of the tree for many years. There are innumerable stories about Andra' and his pawky wit but, unfortunately, most of them are quite unprintable. There is one, against him, which can be told. He was partnering little Ben Sayers in a foursome, and Ben had played a bad slice into a quarry. Andrew went down gloomily and found the ball resting against a large stone. He peered at it for a minute, and then he looked up at Ben and called out, "Will ye lend me yon wee mashie of yours, Ben?" But Sayers was a match for him. "Na, na, Andra'," he shouted back, "Brak your ain club."

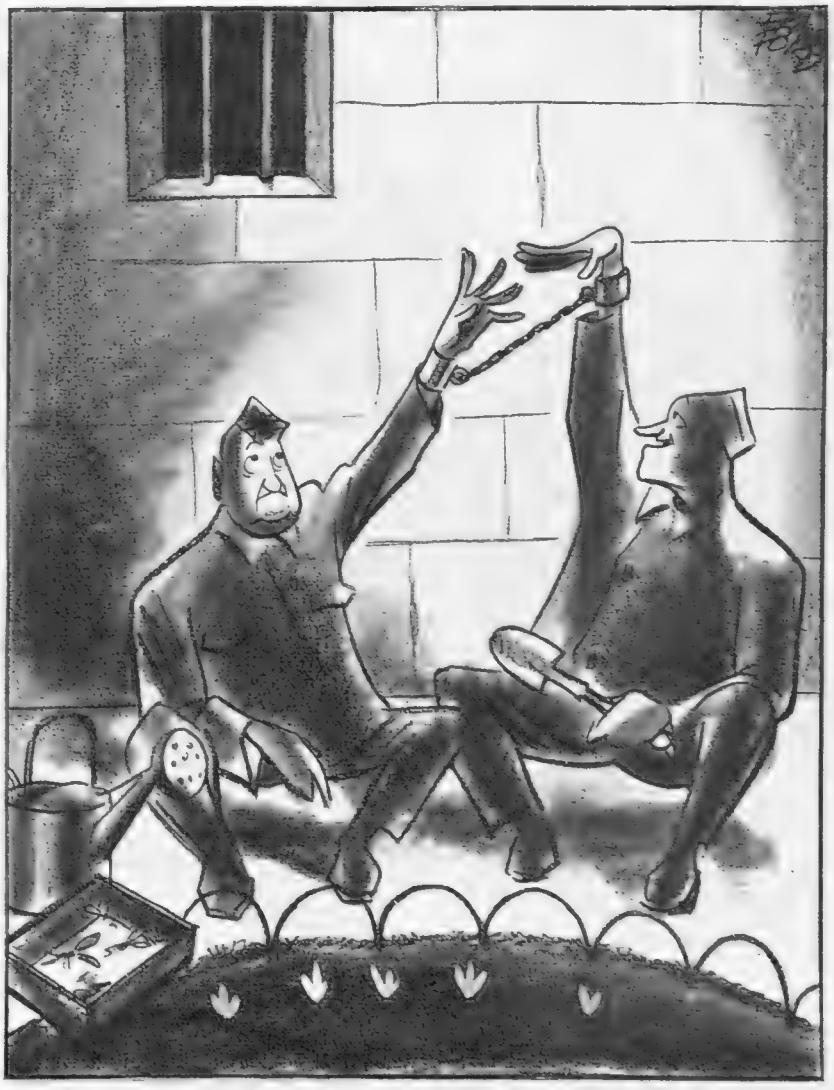
The Right Spirit

THERE is no justification whatever for giggling at the Nazi lads because they have instituted State golf-lessons for promising young players, and are forming a Corps of twenty-two players "to repel foreign invasion." After all, they are only doing what Britain's sports-writers have been urging for years that we should do—they are "taking the game seriously." It reminds us of the story of the Bisley veteran who was showing, in 1919, his unrivalled collection of medals, badges, cups, and other trophies to an ex-officer returned home from Flanders. "I shall be glad to have another go at the King's Cup," said the veteran. "But I shall be terribly rusty. You see, since 1914 there 's been no serious shooting."

Oh! These Officials

PRESUMABLY there is some sort of examination to be passed before a candidate can become an official in the Ministry of Health, but we are positive that even the most elementary classics are not included in the test. We are impelled to this conclusion by the recent action in the High Court, in which the learned officials gave it as their opinion that Association Football is manual labour. The operative word is "manual," of course, which means "done by hand." And these are our rulers. Heaven help us! Don't they know the difference between "Rugger" and "Soccer" yet?

THE BYSTANDERS.



"They usually grow about so high"

Westminster Whispers: Un-Parliamentary Asides

By "Big Ben"

THERE are some Members in the House who will speak on any and every subject. There are others who speak on none. But everyone considers he is entitled to have a go during the Budget Debate. We are all experts when it comes to paying, and one man's suggestion of taxation is as good as another's until it is accepted, when it is worse.

THE usual financial furies blew themselves up and out. Sir Arthur Michael Samuel quoting Greek; it was Greek to most of his audience, too, and though he translated, when he had finished, we were as wise as when he began; there was Sir Arthur Steel-Maitland who, having lectured in America on England, is quite capable now of lecturing in England on America; there was Mr. Boothby—the Norman Conquest is postponed for another day. Mr. Amery, Sir Robert Horne, Mr. Mason, Colonel Wedgwood—there they all were, orthodox and authorcrats each, if the truth be said, using the Budget as a peg for his own fancy dress.

"ACCEPT my thoughts for thanks—I have no words," seemed to be the motto for most of the House. I don't suppose Mr. Chamberlain minded, but we had a speech from Mr. Wilmot, the East Fulham victor, which at last showed us that he won that by-election not only by picking up as his opponent strewed. Lord Burghley cleared the Death Duties problem in eight minutes, and Mr. Horrabin proved that he could be consistently witty for twenty.

IT will be some weeks ere the Budget is cleared out of the Parliamentary way, but to the intents and purposes of the man who pays the bill, it is all over and done with. He can put E. and O.E. at the bottom of his reckoning and turn to the next job.

MR. KIRKWOOD, I believe, wants to rival Lord Londonderry. He doesn't say so, but he did ask if his free railway pass might be applied to an Air Service. The I.L.P. group, his old friends, would look fine in a Puss Moth. They would be at home in the air. Mr. Kirkwood should be more at home at sea. But no sooner had he put in his claim than Captain Balfour wanted to know the chances of the others. I wonder Mr. Perkins didn't make a proviso about our lady legislators taking to wings. Or has some young lady from Gloucester convinced him that Britannia rules the waves in both spheres?

MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S Budget obviously puts off the next Election for at least a year. But Mr. Churchill's charges against Sir Samuel Hoare and Lord Derby gave rise to the usual crop of possibilities. An early appeal to the country, retirements and resignations. Mr. Churchill's tactics fell to pieces in his proposal to alter the personnel of the Committee of Privileges. It is astounding that a man of his experience should have learnt so little of Psychology. Members would have resisted his challenge to their chosen as though they were defending their own honour. The pride the House takes in its institutions is not only evidenced by scuffles in clubs.

FANCY the Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, our old friend Mr. J. C. C. Davidson, being given a job of work to do. He is to go off to Cumberland, one of the derelict areas, to report to the Cabinet. Whether he is the right man is a matter of opinion, but it is a matter of congratulation that the Government's spare men are to have a chance to show their form. The choice of Captain Wallace is more surprising. He has work to do at the Admiralty, and he has shown that he can do it. Sir Wyndham Portal is rivalling Lord Macmillan as the Government's when-in-doubt.

STOCKPORT seems to be having trouble. Neither of the City Members is to fight there next time, though I believe that, if they can, both of them will find other homes. It is becoming less and less easy; it is a sad moment when a man decides to say good-bye to the House and to his Division. The evil day is put off as long as possible. Hence a crop of unexpecteds a month or so before a General Election.

THOSE who make up their minds early are really doing their Party a good turn. Often, though, their friends beg them to stay on. This is what happened to Mr. Chotzner at West Ham. His constituents were appreciative of their Member and would have liked him to continue. He has been dogged by bad luck and ill-health. He is forced to give up, a regret for us all.

Off to the Derelict Areas

A Commission has been appointed by the Government, consisting of Capt. Euan Wallace, Mr. J. C. C. Davidson, and Sir Wyndham Portal seen left to right in the car—to visit the derelict areas and report upon the best method by which prosperity can be restored to these districts

THE PRIME MINISTER: "Bon voyage, and, for goodness sake, do try to help us to discover some solution for the trouble"

Bertram Park

Miss Pamela Blake

Four Attractive Débutantes

Miss Pamela Blake is the elder daughter of Lady Twysden and the late Lieut.-Commander R. W. Blake, R.N., and is eighteen. Her mother, who is a cousin of Lady Seafield, gave a dance for her just before Easter. Her step-father is Sir Roger Twysden, who also used to be in the Navy

Below: *The Hon. Lavinia Strutt*

She is the only daughter of Lady Rosebery, by her first marriage to Lord Belper, and is another eighteen-year-old. Lord Rosebery is giving a dance for her and his débutante niece, Miss Ruth Primrose, on May 25th, at his house in Berkeley Square

Yevonde

Janet Jevons

Miss Virginia Gilliatt

Miss Virginia Gilliatt is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Gilliatt, and is being presented at the first Court, on May 15th, by her mother, who is Sir Guy Chetwynd's sister. Miss Gilliatt, who is very musical, has just come back from Munich and Paris

Dorothy Wilding

Miss Diana Bethell

Left: Miss Diana Bethell is the débutante daughter of Captain Adrian Bethell and the Hon. Mrs. James Beck, and will be presented during the season. Her father's place is Rose Park, Hull

The Passing Picture Show: By Sydney Tremayne

"Slim" Summerville and Zasu Pitts

"Slim" Summerville and Zasu Pitts are a good comedy combination in "Love Birds," which has been running as junior partner to "Only Yesterday," at the New Gallery

Below: Ricardo Cortez and Dolores del Rio in a scene from "Wonder Bar." The film version of the musical comedy is now at the Carlton

Ricardo Cortez and Dolores del Rio in "Wonder Bar"

Al Jolson

Famous in his "Sonny Boy" days, is now making his come-back in "Wonder Bar"

THE outstanding personalities among the women film-stars are nearly all tragediennes, or, at least, dramatic actresses—Garbo, Dietrich, Hepburn, Sten, Bergner—whereas it seems easier for men to achieve fame as comedians. Could even Clark Gable compete for popularity with Chaplin at his zenith? Has Ramon Novarro as many devoted "fans" as Mickey Mouse?

But screen humour has necessarily changed since the days of silent miming, and the most popular exponents of the antic and the chase have perforce ceased to earn enormous salaries by allowing the supporting cast to slap custard-pies upon their doleful countenances.

A new type of comedian is in demand—the type that can say funny things funnily as well as do funny things. I think Eddie Cantor is the best answer to this demand, the entertainer par excellence of the moment. Possibly the alliance of his talent with super-super spectacle and battalions of beauty, which characterise his pictures, may have something to do with the impression I have that he is about the only comedian at the moment capable of carrying a full-length film all the way without tedium. *Roman Scandals* is a fantastic production, a medley of sheer nonsense, with almost disconcerting interpolations of what approaches drama or maybe burlesque of a de Mille version of Roman history. The settings are lavish in the extreme; among the elaborate terpsichorean numbers there is one particularly effective in which a crowd of blonde-wigged, white-skinned "Romans" are contrasted with relays of black girls and come and go through the myriad doors of a remarkable setting.

Eddie Cantor trips and stumbles through the picture in a series of ludicrous predicaments. In trouble in his own home town, he dreams himself back into ancient Rome, where his inability to do as the Romans do immediately plunges him into a variety of adventures and dangerous situations, including the favour of the Empress and disfavour of the Emperor. It is not such a good picture as *The Kid From Spain*, perhaps because Cantor is often off the screen, while the spectacular element and the "gorgeous girls" are exploited. When he is present, his comicality is irresistible.

ANOTHER picture given up to sensational settings, lovely girls, music and song, but which is by way of having a strong plot as well, is *Wonder Bar*, in which Al Jolson makes a come-back, of sorts. Strange to think of the stupendous success he enjoyed both in the theatre and on the screen a few years ago! How quickly public taste changes! Jolson still has that sob in his voice, still has his gestures and rolling eyes and his acting ability is equal to every occasion, but there seems nothing about him which, if he were an unknown player, would bring him instant fame, even if he had another "Sonny Boy" song with which to twang the heart-strings of weeping millions.

TO return to our muttons—or, rather, the subject of comedians and comediennes. England has, I think, always been more prolific of the latter than America. Perhaps their attitude towards woman, or American woman's attitude towards herself, precludes the possibility of laughing at her. Apart from such famous comediennes of the past, as the historic Marie Lloyd and Connie Ediss, we have Nellie Wallace always with us, and, of the younger school, brilliant Beatrice Lillie, and Cicely Courtneidge and Gracie Fields, each of whom can keep vast audiences in fits of laughter. Gracie Fields's next picture, *Sing As We Go*, is being specially written for her by Mr. Priestley, and will have a real Lancashire setting.

UNLESS you consider Mae West a comedienne, and there are other more descriptive terms for her brand of entertainment, Zasu Pitts is the only American film-actress I can think of who has the gift of comicality and no inhibitions about making herself ridiculous. In *Love Birds*, with "Slim" Summerville, she shows that her technique has progressed with her opportunities. She knows how to suggest an underlying pathos which gives point to the painful predicaments which are the essence of comedy. The part of the little schoolmistress with a priggish nephew suits her well. She invests all her money in a ranch, only to find that it is not merely a ruin in the wilds, with a reputation for being haunted, but has also been sold to a lugubrious chicken-farmer, who has already made himself obnoxious to her. Summerville's part is less satisfactory, and the funny business about his lost "filling" and consequent toothache is too prolonged. This is Zasu Pitts's picture, but the small boy who plays the egregious nephew is a good foil and a promising young actor.

Aux Courses
Jean-Gabriel Domergue

L'Amoureux
Adam Styka

Through French Eyes

Three Pictures from the Paris Salon

Right:
Le Paradis Artificiel
T. Ariel

Re-enter Cricket:

Players and Personalities

By Howard Marshall

A Promising Colt

J. K. Nye, the six-foot farm-hand fast bowler discovered by Sussex, seen at practice. He is being coached by Tate and Fairfax

IT seems odd, and very pleasant, to be writing about cricket again, though, beyond a doubt, the season is upon us. A notable season it promises to be, moreover, if only the summer is kind to us.

By the time you do me the honour of reading these notes a game or two will already have been played, and we shall have seen the peaked caps of the Australians taking their first airing at Lord's. It is strange how swiftly the years pass; was it really as long ago as 1930 that the young Bradman reduced our bowlers to impotence? Somehow the continuity seems unbroken; surely it was only the other day that we saw him reeling off the runs at the Oval in the fifth Test Match?

It is tolerably certain, at any rate, that he will trouble us again, though he may rest assured that we shall not grudge him his triumphs. I think, indeed, that the Australians will be agreeably surprised by the warmth of their welcome over here, despite all the hints and rumours circulated by sensational journalists. As far as we in England are concerned, last summer's controversy, with all its bitterness and hasty judgments, is forgotten, and we are starting afresh to enjoy the loveliest of games.

IT is true that the Test Matches, by their nature, are bound to be grim affairs—too grim, perhaps, for those of us who like a leaven of good humour in our moments of relaxation. Still, it is too late to grumble at that; we cannot hope to bring the spirit of the village green to representative cricket. It may be as well that this is so; we have to admit, at any rate, that Test Matches are a separate branch of the game, with their own sanctions and their own responsibilities. Certainly we shall continue to find them exciting, if only for the personalities and the magnitude of the issues involved. And as a trial of character they are superb; when England plays Australia that long walk to the middle takes on a new significance.

I have noticed lately a certain pessimism among cricketers. Far too many people have apparently decided that the Ashes are already lost. Why this should be so I cannot think—surely we have no reason to be downcast simply because D. R. Jardine has given up captaincy for journalism? There are other captains in England, and there are any number of good players about.

I wish, though, that we had a choice of outstanding left-hand batsmen. We badly need a Frank Woolley or two to deal with Grimmett, that crafty old veteran who is so much more dangerous over here than in Australia. We must hope for great things from Leyland, and there is good cause to think that he will not disappoint us.

ACTUALLY, we are more than usually rich in material for team-building. Sutcliffe, we may be sure, will rise to the occasion, for he is a rare Test Match player, and I dare swear that the Australians will place as high a value on his wicket as on that of any of our batsmen. Hammond is in a different category, a great and dominating player, but it is Sutcliffe's inexhaustible patience and courage which make him so formidable and disquieting an opponent.

There will be a great tussle for the honour of partnering Sutcliffe, and at the moment, before a ball is bowled in deadly earnest, I suppose C. F. Walters is about the strongest candidate. Bakewell will be in the running, though, and so will Barnett, and it may be that Paynter will be considered. Undoubtedly Paynter has a big chance of finding his way into the English team again, for, apart from his batting and fielding, he also is a left-hander, and he did well in Australia.

AS for the captaincy, R. E. S. Wyatt's claims are undeniable. A keener cricketer never lived, and Wyatt has developed from being a really useful batsman into a player of the highest class. Many other names have been suggested as possible captains—B. H. Valentine, A. P. F. Chapman, M. J. Turnbull, and B. H. Lyon among them—but I cannot help feeling that Wyatt will be there when the bell rings.

Ames comes in obviously as wicket-keeper and batsman, and if Larwood's foot is really sound, as the reports suggest, and his bowling has not suffered, he is another certainty. Then, if we include Leyland and Paynter, Allen (if he is fit), R. W. V. Robins, Verity, and possibly Clark, of Northants, we have already a likely-looking team.

Not the sort of team, at any rate, to give us cause for undue pessimism, though much may happen to change our opinions as the season progresses. We may find, for example, that I. A. R. Peebles has recaptured his leg-break, and that will make us think again. We may discover—and it seems probable—that fast bowling is not our strong suit, and that we shall have to rely upon a medium-paced attack which will take advantage of the wicket and be less expensive.

WE have rather neglected our medium-paced bowlers of recent years, but speed, unless it is properly controlled, is far too costly. Mind you, the Australians will set our attack some awkward problems. Bradman is not the only man we have to fear, by a long chalk, and it would not be surprising to find McCabe one of the outstanding successes of the tour. Then we have to reckon with unknown quantities like Chipperfield, Bromley, and Brown. As for the Australian bowling, we have heard great stories of the medium-paced O'Reilly, but otherwise, Grimmett always excepted, there does not appear to be much to fear. Hammond showed us how to deal with Fleetwood-Smith, and, anyway, a left-hand googly bowler should not be so devastating against right-hand batsmen.

Scotland's Early Start

J. K. McNab, Captain of Forfarshire, opening the batting for his county against Arbroath. The innings was declared at 195 for two

WELL, there it is. On Wednesday we shall be at Worcester, that lovely ground, watching the Australians play their first match, and then cricket will be really under way. May the sun shine upon us, and may common sense and good fellowship be with us all throughout the summer months.

Airmen at Golf

The R.A.F. Spring Meeting at Wentworth

(1) Wing-Comdr. R. N. Drummond and Squadron-Leader R. H. Hanmer. (2) Squadron-Leader C. A. Stevens and Flight-Lieut. G. L. Worthington. (3) R. C. V. Ash (winner Serving Officers' Championship) and H. D. Nicholson. (4) Air-Marshal Sir John Salmond and Group Captain E. R. Manning. (5) Wing-Comdr. A. Shekleton and Squadron-Leader R. Sugden. (6) Squadron-Leader Rev. F. D. Morley and Flight-Lieut. C. D. Adams. (7) Flight-Officer W. S. Calder and Squadron-Leader R. A. G. Elliott. (8) Squadron-Leader L. M. Iles and Squadron-Leader C. B. Cooke

The winners of the competition, Miss B. Lees (Huddersfield) and Miss Mary Johnson (Hornsea), in the twelfth year of the "Bystander" Ladies' Northern Foursomes, at Birkdale, Lancs.

The runners-up in the competition: Mrs. Barbour (Birkdale) and Miss Jessie Anderson (Craigie Hill), receiving their prizes from Mr. Shepherd Eastwood, Captain of Birkdale Golf Club

The Cups go to Yorkshire for the Seventh Time: Victory of Miss Mary Johnson and Miss Barbara Lees

By Eleanor E. Helme

DEAR BYSTANDER,

FOR the seventh time out of twelve, THE BYSTANDER Northern Foursomes Cups have found a resting-place in Yorkshire, so that I can only suggest to all would-be winners residence in the White Rose county, and a close study of how Miss Mary Johnson and Miss Barbara Lees achieved it.

The answer is nothing more nor less than "by extraordinarily fine golf," which, after all, is something outside the compass of a good many. Yet they had to work so hard at Birkdale, and there was such good golf played by the pair who represented longer handicaps in the prize list (the Misses Black, from Hawkstone Park), that it is obvious nobody need despair, even if they are not champions. There was, is, and will be, hope for everybody. And it is wonderfully pleasing to have Miss Johnson's name as a further decoration on the Northern Cups, which already bear so many distinguished ones. It would have been exciting if Miss Jessie Anderson could have provided a new record by holding the Girls' Championship and Northern Foursomes at the same time, as she looked so like doing, but, win or lose, she played most excellent golf all through the Northern, and not a few good critics held that she was the best golfer of all the two hundred and fifty-six who were enjoying Birkdale's fine links.

It really is a magnificent course; when the wind veered round on the third day, and blew from the north-west, it became even better than it had been on the first two, and I believe that the shift of wind was one very good reason why the low-handicap pairs came through. It meant that they could get up in two shots at holes where others needed three. Miss Johnson and Miss Lees are both long; so is Miss Jessie Anderson, who was driving against Miss Johnson in the final and taking turn and turn about with her for which should hit the longest shot. Perhaps the fact that Mrs. Barbour was distinctly the shortest of the four was one reason why Yorkshire got home, and not the Scottish-Lancashire pair, although, in the end, it was a putt—a rattling good one at the nineteenth, from Miss Johnson—which decided the match.

NOW let me get back to the second day, and try to pick out some of the big moments for you. I think one of these was the match in which Miss Campenett and Mrs. Soppitt, with a joint handicap of 8, went out in 37 and turned 4 up, only to lose on the last green to Mrs. Glassford and Miss Greenwood, who, with a joint handicap of 20, were round in a gross 86! They were a most courageous pair, the two "G's," and I shall not easily forget how they nearly beat Miss Mary Johnson and Miss Lees in the fifth round. Miss Greenwood was hitting

Mrs. Watts seen on the left, and her partner, Miss Barron, who played in trousers

Mrs. Whitfield and her sister, Miss U. N. Allen, packing up their clubs before leaving

Mrs. G. A. Strong, Lady Mayoress of Liverpool (right), and Mrs. A. K. Harrison watching

Mrs. J. A. Hardicker photographed with Mrs. C. Hammersley

Ladies' Northern Foursomes at Birkdale: (12th Year)

Mrs. Whitfield and Mrs. Bason (Prestbury and Upton), seen on their way to the seventh tee

Miss Harvie and Mrs. Moon (Wirral), who were third-day competitors in the Ladies' Northern Foursomes at Birkdale, seen leaving the sixth green

Mrs. Harold Tyson and Mrs. Forbes Cooper (West Lancs), who reached the fifth round

the ball an immense way, and the putts holed by Mrs. Glassford had to be seen to be believed. The Yorkshire pair had five strokes to give, and were certainly within measurable distance of being beaten, although they eventually won by 2 and 1. A doughty deed of the second morning was Mrs. Lambert and Mrs. Fitzgerald's last-green win from Mrs. H. V. Newton and Miss Firth, although these were round in 80 and only giving three strokes. It was sad to see them go, but Mrs. Mewburn Brown kept the family flag flying at the nineteenth hole, and so was able to have a little motherly crow over Mrs. Newton. But Mrs. Lambert and Mrs. Fitzgerald were a good combination; they won that afternoon again, this time by 7 and 6, in spite of giving half-a-dozen strokes, and it needed the eventual winners to give them a stroke and a beating.

The second round also saw us saying good-bye to Mrs. Hardicker and Mrs. Hammersley, who could not give the strokes to Mrs. Watts and Miss Barron (who used to play for Wales); and to Miss Howarth and Mrs. Aitchison. All the lower handicaps cannot hope to come through, and it would be a doubtful benefit for any tournament if they did, showing handicaps to be faulty and entry useless for the humbler player. As it is, the handicapping seems as near perfect as may be, and the chances of the long handicaps quite worth backing.

In the third round Miss Barron and Mrs. Watts, receiving six strokes, gave hot chase to Miss Johnson and Miss Lees as far as the seventeenth green; Miss Cradock-Hartopp and Miss Newell, giving nine strokes for the second time of the day, only won 1 up from Mrs. Douglas and Miss Sumner; Mrs. Ivor Thomas and Mrs. Barlow survived the shattering experience of having five of a lead of seven holes pulled back by Mrs. Lloyd Jones and Mrs. Robertshaw before winning 3 and 1; Mrs. Sproat and her niece, Mrs. Snook, holed putts from all over the place, to win on the last green from Mrs. Panikkar (who makes a habit of that herself) and Mrs. W. H. Wood.

The fourth round saw the last of our visitors from the Dominions, for the Misses Braithwaite could not cope with some relentless golf from Miss Hartopp and Miss Newell. The other sisters, the Misses Black, won by means of one putt at the nineteenth from Mrs. Sproats' side; Mrs. Moon and Miss Harvie won on the last green, having been down all the way to Mrs. McKenzie and Miss Shaw. But the match of the day was the win by 3 and 2 of Mrs. Barbour and Miss Anderson from a much-fancied Cheshire pair in Mrs. Allan Macbeth and Mrs. Clement, who suffered a sudden collapse in the middle and lost five holes as quickly as they had won three. The winners had a mighty afternoon battle with Mrs. Moon and Miss Harvie, giving them five strokes and only winning 3 and 1; Miss Hartopp and Miss Newell had almost an equal to-do to beat Mrs. Bason and Mrs. Whitfield (last year's runners-up), and the Misses Black had the hardest time of all to win at the eighteenth from Mrs. Forbes Cooper and Mrs. Tyson.

Mrs. L. D. Fitzgerald, Mrs. F. Lambert, Miss Jessie Firth, and Mrs. Newton: a quartette—

—and another. Left to right: Mrs. A. E. Harrison, Miss G. Lightfoot, Miss Greenwood, and Mrs. Glassford

As for the semi-finals, you would have had to go to a championship—and then might have gone in vain—to find anything finer than Miss Johnson's and Miss Lees' 35 out, or the way Miss Hartopp and Miss Newell stood up to such golf and a deficit of 4 down, and lost only on the last green. And the Misses Black, getting four strokes, were only beaten at the same place by Mrs. Barbour and Miss Anderson, although the latter was really brilliant much of the way. The final had all the ingredients of great golf, not least that there were no strokes to be given. Miss Johnson's side went away at the start, and were 2 up at the fifth; by the end of the eleventh they were 2 down, the Scottish pair having done those six holes in twenty-three. And they were still two down with only two to play. But they had their four at the seventeenth, three at the eighteenth, and then a magnificent four at the nineteenth, Miss Johnson holing a very missable putt again with a steadiness of nerve the recollection of which should stand her in good stead all the season.

After that, prize-giving by Mr. Eastwood, Captain of Birkdale, not forgetting Mrs. Dunlop Hill's challenge trophy for the National Playing Fields Association competition. Hesketh had most generously housed that competition, which raised, with some odd contributions, £6, and was won by Miss Nancy Whittaker, of Hesketh, Miss Nan Baird, the ex-girl champion, taking the scratch prize with an excellent 77.

Yours ever, Eleanor E. Helme.

Music (and all That)

The "Snobbery" of Opera

By "Melos"

I SUGGESTED recently that the Covent Garden opera season, which opens this week, would come in for some adverse criticism of the "class-conscious" type before even the curtain went up. I was right. But I did not think it would be so stale and so inaccurate. A dyspeptic proletarian on the staff of the Socialist *Clarion* has weighed in with a load of it.

"The grand season of Covent Garden," he writes, "is based on the snobbery of a few people who like to be seen in fashionable boxes and who sit, most of them bored, through the Wagnerian performances to which the music-lovers flock, and their delight in the eternal Puccini, the treacliness of which modern music-lovers despise. . . .

"Under Socialism the artist would have a free expression. After doing his few hours work a day in his younger years, he would have a lifetime before him to indulge his free and unbridled fancy. He would find in the people round him actors for his plays, singers for his operas, and instrumentalists for his orchestras. That is Art, when people do it themselves, not when they sit down and listen to somebody who is paid to do it."

DEARIE me! And now, having taken a deep breath after reading this chunk of blither, let those of us who know our Covent Garden, in stalls, boxes, or gallery, look at the truth for a moment. It is pretty obvious.

No opera season is, or ever has been, based on snobbery. There is a fashionable side to Covent Garden; but it is quite subsidiary and is due to the fact that quite a number of people with money happen to be fond of music. These people are *not* bored with Wagner; if they were they would not listen to him, because nothing can make any set, social or otherwise, in this country do what they do not want to do. If the racing set did not like racing, they would not go racing.

The old idea of "being seen in fashionable boxes" is peculiarly nonsensical, for on Wagner nights the auditorium is plunged in Cimmerian gloom; in *Rheingold* there is not even an interval.

As for the aforesaid fashionable crowd "delighting in the eternal Puccini," it is a fact that for some years past the attendance in stalls and boxes during the Italian portion of the season has compared very unfavourably with that in the Wagnerian portion. So let the *Clarion* put that in its bell-end and pull away at it.

Frankly, I do not understand what is meant by an artist having "free expression" under Socialism. Every artist is free to express himself now, and if he writes, say, an opera which is a work of outstanding merit, it will be given a chance—and by the public-spirited munificence of the hated capitalist. That is what Sir Barry Jackson did for Mr. Rutland Boughton's *The Immortal Hour*. I do not believe that any musical geniuses languish in an obscurity from which they would instantly emerge the moment Socialism supplanted our present system. Very few British operas have achieved fame, simply because very few have deserved to; the writing of opera does not appear to be a knack our composers possess.

Finally, what of the actors, singers, and instrumentalists the artist, under Socialism, is going to find in "the people around him"? What training have they received? Who has paid for such training? And what will they say to the prospect of "doing it themselves and not being paid to do it"?

A few opinions on this last point from the Musicians' Union would be illuminating.

The Grand Opera Season started last night at Covent Garden. Below is Lauritz Melchior, seen in Wagner's "Siegfried," which is being given on Thursday this week

Right: Frida Leider as Brunhilde, in "Gotterdammerung," a part she played in the Bayreuth Festival last year and will sing at Covent Garden next Monday

Lauritz Melchior

Frida Leider

SIR THOMAS BEECHAM and Sir Hamilton Harty continue to champion Berlioz with undiminished zeal. The former's conducting of Berlioz's "Te Deum" at a "Phil." concert the other night made the alternative spelling, in certain cases only too appropriate, very far distant.

Berlioz is like the little girl in the nursery rhyme: when he is good he is very, very good, and when he is bad, he is horrid. In the "Te Deum" he is very, very good, and the dramatic force of the music is not only astonishing, considering the period at which it was written, but as modern in thought as anything written to-day.

The "nameless" choir sang so well that one would like to know who they are. Why should they be nameless? It was not a nameless orchestra nor a nameless tenor, nor a nameless conductor—though it would be precious difficult for Sir Thomas to conceal his identity.

MR. FRANCIS TOYE has followed up his admirable book on Verdi with a companion volume on Rossini of equal merit (*Rossini. A Study in Tragi-Comedy*. Heinemann; 10s. 6d.). His remarks on Italian opera of this school, which he loves, are penetrating and based on much erudition; but there is also a human side to the book, which makes interesting reading even for the layman.

How Rossini bridged the musical ages! There is in one chapter an account of his conversation with Beethoven, who complimented him on his *Il Barbiere*. And among the illustrations is a photograph of Rossini inscribed "To my dear colleague, Arthur Sullivan."

Swaebe

Beatrice Lillie and Tallulah Bankhead sitting together on a zebra sofa make a nice contrast in types, one dark, neat, humorous, and the other fair, long-haired and femininely alluring. They were at Monseigneur, where Beatrice Lillie is singing nightly

Below: Mr. Ralph Thompson, who, with his brother, is presenting "Why Not To-night?", and Florence Desmond, one of the stars of the show, at the Bon Viveur for Greta Nissen's party after the first night at the Palace

First Night Epilogue

London After Dark

Swaebe

Mrs. Stirling Stuart, Mr. H. L. Christie, Lady Mountgarret, and the Hon. Mountjoy Fane were in the same party for supper at the Café de Paris

Swaebe

Lady Chadwyck-Healey, Sir Martin Melvin and Lady Riddell were three of the guests at the dinner and dance with which the coming-of-age of the Periodical Trade Press and Weekly Newspaper Proprietors' Association was celebrated last week

Swaebe

The Hon. Marcus Samuel, Miss Faudell-Phillips, Mr. G. Llewellyn and Lady Anne Bridgeman were another quartette supping at the Café de Paris

Swaebe

These Faces Make Films

Al Packer, the famous American director who is now over here with Fox British, Gregory Ratoff, who was in George White's "Scandals," and Benita Hume, who divides her time impartially between Hollywood and Elstree, and has just finished her job in "Jew Süss" at the latter, were at Monseigneur together when this photograph was taken

GOING OUT TO

"The Bystander" in Society

THE London Season proper (what is the improper, by the way?) opened yesterday. I have never really discovered, until quite recently, who actually is responsible for opening this season—Miss Olga Lynn opens charity balls, Quaglino opens restaurants, Jack Hobbs opens the cricket season, and the Arsenal opens the football season—but now I sincerely believe that this London season opens by mutual arrangement between my distinguished contemporaries, "Becky" and "Corisande." I must say that they do try to get the opening to coincide as nearly as possible with the first night of the opera at Covent Garden, and this year they have obviously brought it off again.

THE fact that Il Duce, Mussolini, had given orders that the Italian Embassy in Grosvenor Square was to be filled with some of the most priceless tapestries and pictures, chosen from museums in Rome, Florence, and Milan (rather to the annoyance of those cities), probably caused every guest who had been invited to the Ambassador's reception to turn up. There must have been at least a thousand present—and it was a wet night, so you can imagine what fun that much-moustached caller of cabs had, swinging his lantern, and calling out the wrong names. "Mr. Ambrose Clark's car," was one of his best—it should have been "Lord Camrose's car." Those who were lucky to arrive early heard Rosetta Pampanini sing—the crowd was so great that there should have been two "houses." Princess von Bismarck, Lady Cunard, Lady Cory, Susan Duchess of Somerset, and Violet Duchess of Rutland (no signs of Mr. "Jimmy" of the same name), Lord Reading, Lord Rennell, Lord Cromer, Lord Ebbisham, and Lord Astor—all these must have got home later than they intended, due to the wet weather.

MANY of those who had been to *Man of Aran*, at the New Gallery Cinema, came on to the reception. This Irish film, directed by Robert Flaherty, is a "primitive," and most impressive; the islanders concerned were at the first night, and, judging by the food they get on Aran, were I in their place, I should want to stop a little bit longer in London. Mr. Beverley Baxter gave a large dinner-party before the film, at the Embassy, with Sir Gomer and Lady Berry, Mr. Leslie Hore Belisha, Mr. and Mrs. John Dewar, Mr. and Mrs. Mark Ostrer, and Lord and Lady Craigmyle in the party.

IN the engagement world, "Vicky" Hopper had little to say about failing to clinch matters with Basil Dean, and, when interviewed by the Press, referred them all to "Uncle Sydney" (Sydney Carroll, her theatrical godfather). Lord Burgh has come well up to the scratch-line again, for the second time heading the list of engagements, and for the second time with Miss Rosie Vincent. This time he should jump off the mark when the gun goes in June. Whether Miss Vincent, when she becomes Lady Burgh, will depose Lady Tennyson from the position of Premier Peeress of the Isle of Wight was one of the main topics of conversation at the ball at Farringford, Freshwater, on Friday night, when Lord Tennyson and his bride returned to receive the congratulations of the tenantry and the islanders. The Mauretania safely landed the happy couple at Southampton, where flocks of telegrams greeted them, including one from White's Club, and another from the bridegroom's trustees. This gallant Cunarder also landed the Paradise Girls, who gave their opening performance at the Dorchester last night when, to celebrate "Arthur's" sixtieth birthday, a mammoth party was given by Punch's Club—another sure sign that the London season has opened.

MICHAEL ARLEN, having settled his lawsuit in "a gentlemanly fashion," as his counsel so aptly put it, still graces London with his presence. His "fans" will be glad to know that his new novel, due in July, is of the Grand Guignol type, and all about Mayfair. One of the principal characters is, of course, a duchess, which may make Gilbert Frankau a bit jealous, titles being his speciality.

MISS TOTO KOOPMAN, at present living at Claridge's, is a person who will make Mayfairies rather jealous, for she has brains, as well as attraction. She is Dutch, and speaks about five languages, and has joined Mr. Korda's young ladies in *Don Juan*, in which Merle Oberon is also playing. Should Miss Koopman fail to make a success on the films, she can always make a very successful marriage, judging by the callers on her doorstep.

MR. PEEPS

Miss Beatrice Baker and her sister, in their check suits, scarves, and tilted hats, made a smart and good-looking couple at the Craven point-to-point

Miss Diana Mainwaring, in white crêpe with flowers of the same material on the shoulder, and Mrs. Malcolm Vaughan, wearing a black and white zebra-striped dress, were in the same party at the Café de la Paix. Miss Mainwaring is one of the hostesses

GOINGS-ON

Sketches by Molly Bishop

Below : Miss Enid Stamp Taylor, lunching at the Ritz, wore navy blue and a jaunty little hat trimmed with a blue cord

Miss Betty Williams who, like Miss Mainwaring, is a Café de la Paix hostess, was dancing there with Captain John Drury Lowe. She was wearing a beige lace dress, with a pink taffeta sash

Lord and Lady Nunburnholme were two more Ritz lunchers, she in a pale grey suit, with a fox fur

Left : Anna May Wong, with an old-fashioned posy in her hand, was with Mr. Geoffrey Harmsworth at the Café de la Paix

Woman to Woman

At least half the Peerage was at Ciro's the other night, and most of them had come on from round the corner, where the Leicester Square Cinema is showing Eddie Cantor at his best in *Roman Scandals*. Lord Westmorland and Mr. Charlie Baillie-Hamilton started the evening together at a table for two. Shortly the latter left, and the former prowled round the room, talking to his friends, and eventually picked Lady Blandford from her party and did his best to dance with her, but it was more a case of jumping up and down in the same spot as the floor space got smaller and smaller as more and more people crowded in. Lord Brecknock was à deux with Miss Rosemary Streatfeild, who wore black ; and so was the Comtesse de Pret, very chic in white, with Major Charlie Clarke, not so chic in a soft shirt. Lord Dudley had a new girl-friend with him. Lord Donegall (probably, like us, snooping round for something to write about) was with a boy-friend. Mrs. John Musker was with a Renshawe, and Mrs. Malise Graham was chattering hard to her companion, Captain Howard Kerr. Countess Münster was in the same party as her sister and brother-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Michael Hornby. Mr. and Mrs. Billy Peacock were in a party with the latter's parents, the Edgar Brasseys.

We don't altogether admire Lady Kemball-Cook's long, bobbed hair, which seems to get frequently entwined in the fingers of the men she 's dancing with. Miss Tallulah Bankhead has hers the same length, too. Other things we 've noticed lately are Mr. Hamar Bagnall, back from Switzerland, or some sunny seaside spot, judging by the nut-brown colour of his face, dancing with Mrs. Peter Horlick ; Sir Victor Warrender wearing spectacles ; Captain Charles Waterhouse dropping paper pellets from the gallery of a well-known restaurant at people below whose attention he hadn't got and wanted ; Mr. Dickie Hirsch, unchanged, in the same gallery, wandering from side to end and back again, clinging to his bottle of champagne with the cork definitely drawn ; Mrs. John Player, thinner than ever, but none the less lovely, without a male attendant ; Lady Poulett dancing round the floor like a two-year-old with her grown-up son.

At the Savoy the other night we saw Lady Mary Boscawen, in a flowered dress, with her husband, and in the same party the Terence Edens. She had on a lovely necklace of sapphires, pearls, and diamonds. She is an excellent shot and expert stalker. Later, at the Florida, the air was too thick to see much, but through the haze we saw Lady Blandford with Mr. Andrew Scott and A. N. Other ; Mr. Michael Trubshawe and Mr. Drummond Moray visiting from table to table, and having a good laugh with various friends, occasionally condescended to return and brighten the lives of those at their own table.

Major K. O. Goldie is with us again, but would have been gone for ever a day or two ago had he not remembered the good old saying, " Look before you leap " when about to leave an island in Piccadilly. On the same afternoon Captain Otho Prior-Palmer roared up Berkeley Street in a sports car, so intent on the job (luckily for some) that he completely failed to see a very attractive girl-friend of his whom, we are sure, he 'd be sorry he missed. She was doing her best to attract his attention.

There was a large and decorative gathering at the Mullens' enormous and lovely house in Belgrave Square, to meet Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Leveson-Gower, who are just back from their honeymoon. She was originally a Mullens, and between whiles an Imeretinsky. She was looking her best in a white chiffon dress with large, dark-blue spots on it, and clutching in her hand a spray of orchids. What an extremely young and good-looking person Lady Mullens is. The bridegroom's sister, Miss Betty Leveson-Gower, was looking most attractive in pink and very busy greeting her millions of friends. General and Mrs. Jack Wigan and their son were only three of many who had come on from Epsom ; they were busy talking to Rosita Forbes and her husband, Col. Arthur McGrath. Mr. " Gussy " Schweder was also there and wearing a red, white and blue striped shirt that would have been far more suitable for the opposite sex. His shadow grows no less. Major and Mrs. Denton Carlisle had her deb daughter, Miss Bridget Smiley, with them. Sir Cuthbert and Lady Quilter we were delighted to see again ; they were two more from Epsom.

MRS. PEEPS

The Epsom Spring Meeting

Mrs. Duncan Mackinnon and Lady Irene Clarke both wore fur coats against the cold April wind that blew across Epsom Downs

Lady Helena Fitzwilliam and Mr. Warden talking to Mr. Sherbrooke before the Great Metropolitan on the first day of the meeting

The Hon. Lavinia Strutt, one of the débutantes who went racing at Epsom, walking across the paddock with Lady Mary Crewe-Milnes

A Racing Reverie

Up on Epsom Downs: By "Regular"

No matter whether it's the Derby or the humblest seller that's down for decision, there's always something thrilling about Epsom, and despite the fact that I did in a packet there last week, I still love racing there more than anywhere in the world.

I HAVE tried hard to find an explanation for my love for this draughty and indifferent racecourse on top of the Downs, and my cynical friends have produced the following reasons—

(i) That no ladies are allowed in the Members' Enclosure.
(ii) The distance from the paddock to the stands is so great that even the heartiest of us have every excuse for not going near it.
(iii) The close proximity of the numerous bars.

ALTHOUGH I am prepared to believe that these contribute in no small degree to my love for the place, the real cause is that Epsom possesses that indescribable thing known as "atmosphere." I am not such a fool as to attempt to describe the indescribable, but I do know the atmosphere at Epsom is just right and, win, lose, tie, or wrangle, I always enjoy myself there.

PRIOR to going to Epsom, we had a couple of enjoyable days at Lingfield, and one of my twelve to follow, in Lo Zingaro, showed himself to have as good or a better chance of bustling up Colombo in the Derby as anything else I've seen so far.

THE victory of Mazeppa, belonging to the Maharaja of Rajpipla, was a happy augury for his Highness's return to this country from India. By a pleasing coincidence the following race was won by Miss Sheila Roche, who had been one of his Highness's guests in India during the past winter, and I understand that the winning animal, King Stefan, was a present from the Maharaja.

TYPICAL April weather marked the opening day at Epsom. I watched the race for the Great Metropolitan with the handicapper, Mr. "Crocker" Bulteel, and a lovely race it was to watch, too. I had paid Mr. Bulteel the biggest compliment in my power by refusing to have a bet on the race.

VERY few races take place during the season in which I refrain from having a wager, but so good did his handicap appear to be that I could conjure up no fancy for any of them.

IN a terrific finish, Annihilation won by a head from old St. Reynard, who seems to have been racing as long as I have, with the gallant little Roi de Paris, finishing twice as fast as anything, close up third; and, to my mind, a most unlucky loser.

THE winner was recently purchased by the Ranks out of Victor Smyth's stable, and is now with Harry Cottrill, and his victory was most popular. Mrs. Rank has endeared herself to everyone by her never-failing good cheer, alike in victory and defeat. Moreover, she is extremely decorative, and during the past few years has become the most popular lady on our racecourses.

A WEEK or two ago I told you of Knighted's victory under difficulties in a seller at "Ally Pally." At Epsom he won a good-class two-year-old race by the length of a street, proving Mrs. Beatty to be as good a judge of a plater as her astute husband.

So far from the bidding for platers breeding ill-feeling, Percy Allden, the trainer of Knighted, and the Beattys are the best of friends, and Mrs. Beatty tells me that if ever she had a horse with anyone else except her husband, she would send it to Percy Allden.

I AM getting very fond of Knighted, as once again he saved me from a sticky day, and although Mrs. Beatty was unable to make him her own property, I gather that she likes him none the less after Epsom. When you have failed to purchase a horse you want, the best thing to do is to have a good bet on him next time out.

IT was quite like old times at Epsom on City and Suburban day, with the big race won by an outsider, and two of the races falling to the Joels. Young Mr. Dudley Joel and Walter Earl served up Maid of Africa "red hot" for the Hyde Park Stakes, and backers stepped in just as if they'd never heard of settling day.

WHAT a fright they got, too, as, a hundred yards from home, it looked the Koh-i-Noor to a piece of glass on Biscuit. Fortunately, though, Maid of Africa went uphill better than she went downhill, and with Gordon riding like a demon, she achieved the apparently impossible, and got up to win.

THE other Joel success was won in the smoothest possible style by old Polar Bear, and the racing journalists who accused Mr. Bulteel of chucking in Ballystratford can go and take a flying kick at themselves.

I WILL conclude with a welcome to an old friend, in Tommy Graves, who has severed his connection with the famous firm in Old Burlington Street, and set up on his own. When I lose to Tommy, I always console myself that he will spend the money in exactly the same way I would have done. Good luck to him.

HATFIELD IN HOLIDAY ATTIRE

The de Havilland Club at Hatfield has nearly 2000 members and a visiting-list of people from every flying centre in the country. Taking tea on the terrace are (l. to r.) "Lamps," of Lloyds; G. de Havilland, Jr., who is a flying instructor at the Club; Duncan Davis, from Brooklands, looking thinner, and rather worried about it; Mr. Lindsay Everard, from Leicester; Captain de Havilland himself and Commander Perrin. Of the ladies in front, Mrs. G. de Havilland, Jr., is on the left, and next to her, Mrs. James "Amy" Mollison

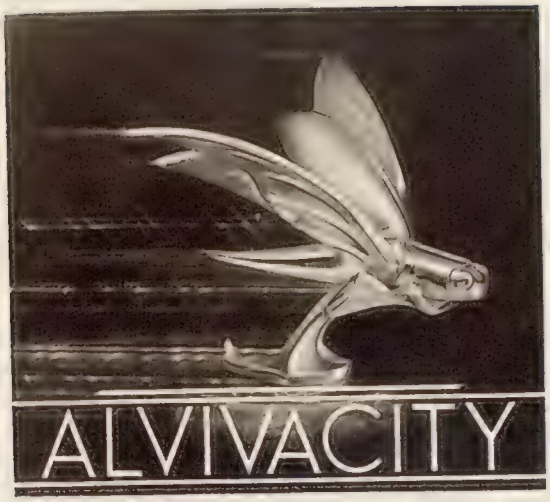
HESTON FOR THE MODERNS: A FASHIONABLE FLYING CE

Originally conceived as a flying base for the owners of private aeroplanes, Heston has not been caught unawares by the rapid growth of internal airli many famous men and women have learned to fly. In the foreground a pupil is walking with lady friends towards a school aeroplane, one of the lates a biplane, preparing to leave with passengers for the Channel Islands. There is the Customs House for prompt clearance to and from the Continent, dormy house are available to all who

ENTRE AND THE LARGEST PRIVATE AIRPORT IN BRITAIN

line traffic. As our illustration suggests, regular arrivals and departures of passenger aircraft are now part of the daily life of this airport, where so st instructional types, which is seen on the left. Further back is a large passenger monoplane engaged on the services to Le Touquet, and to the right and the Control Tower, where someone is on duty day and night to regulate traffic. A first-class restaurant, bar, waiting-rooms, lounges, a buffet, and a ho use Britain's most modern airport

"Hey! Where do I put this?"



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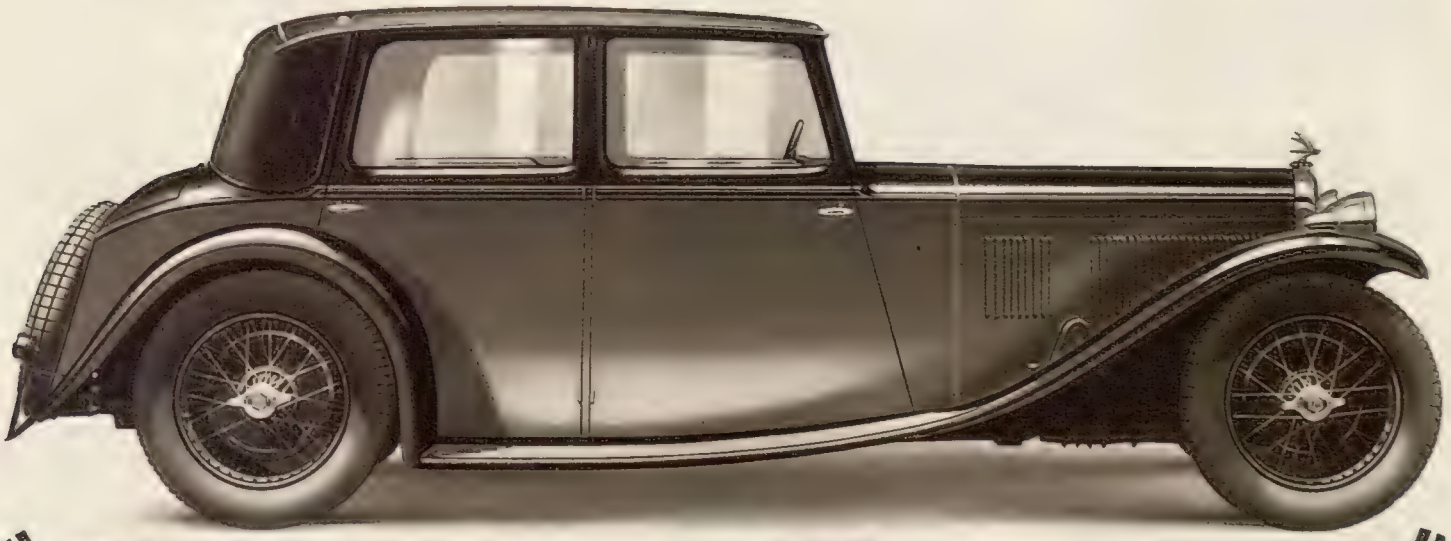
THE unique charm of ALVIS performance lies not in speed and power alone. Exceptional smoothness of running, powerful brakes, superb steering, luxuriously comfortable suspension and a refined ease of control, are other features which combine to make the ALVIS quite different from any other car that you can buy. The ALVIS "Firefly Twelve" is comparable only to cars of much higher power-rating and price. In the twelve-horse-power class it is unique. Economical to run and maintain, it enables a speed of seventy miles an hour easily to be exceeded with a luxurious saloon body and four passengers.



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Sport with the Lid Off

By "Mark Over"

I AM in high hopes that this year we are going to have a bumper Mayfly season on our southern trout streams. It really is rather a tantalising affair, the Mayfly time; we approach it with such excitement; we make such elaborate plans, and dream such dreams of monster trout, and then, as like as not, we miss it altogether.

That's what happened to me last year, at any rate. I made all my arrangements for abandoning work; I had my scouts out, and awaited impatiently the wire which would say: "The fly is up." And when the wire arrived, as usual, work intervened—I was delayed for a couple of days, and by the time I reached the river the hatch was over, to all intents and purposes. Still, I console myself now with the knowledge that it was an extremely poor hatch, anyway.

This spring, though, the signs are better. I was down in Hampshire a few days ago, just in time to see the most prodigious hatch of grannom. The river was black with the fly, though the fish took this manifestation of Nature's generosity with complete indifference. The point is, though, that there have been no floods this winter to wash the eggs of the Mayfly away, and I think we shall have an enormous hatch.

I dare say there are fishermen who scorn the duffer's fortnight, and curse the Mayfly for giving the trout a surfeit of food. I must admit, though, that I find it strangely exciting; the river where I fish holds some giant trout, who only push their noses up at this season of the year, and there is always the possibility of banging into a six-, seven-, or eight-pounder.

They are beautiful fish, these big trout; short and thick, and in perfect condition. And, apart from trout, it is an amazing sight to see the surface of the water boiling with feeding fish—gigantic chub, up to six and seven pounds; fine grayling, lively dace; and I defy even the most blasé of purists to remain unmoved by it.

What a time of year it is, too, the last week in May; and how supremely beautiful the water-meadows are just then. They are lovely enough now, for that matter, with the snipe drumming over them in the evening, and the plover tumbling crazily, and the cuckoo calling in the woods. The newspapers may jest as much as they please about the cuckoo, but there is nothing, to my mind, which so surely signals the end of winter as the notes of the cuckoo. When I hear them—and I heard them and saw the bird on April 9th this spring—then, and only then, do I begin to think seriously of cricket, and feel the summer sun in my bones, and imagine long afternoons happily broiling in the out-field, for I am never rash enough to anticipate more than a brief appearance in the middle.

I HOPE, by the way, that Mr. Archie MacLaren is as unsound on his weather lore as he is sound on cricket in all its aspects. He is going about, though, saying that when the rooks nest high we shall probably have a wet summer, and certainly a wet May. Well, the rooks could not possibly have nested higher than they have this spring, and that is rather disquieting. I have an uneasy feeling, too, that we are bound to suffer for the magnificent weather we had last summer. Pessimism won't help, though; but it would be a tragedy if the coming months, so uncommonly crowded with important sporting events, should prove to be cold and wet. And anything more dreary than a bad English summer I can't possibly imagine.

(Continued on page 218)

Miss P. M. Weekes playing in the open singles at the West Side Country Club Tournament at Ealing

Right: Lieut. T. R. Broughton, Lieut. H. S. Mitchell, the holder of the trophy, and Lieut. C. S. Mackenzie, competitors in the Army Golf Championship at St. Andrews

The Army at Play

The Rev. F. H. Owen, an old Blue, giving tubbing instructions to the members of the Brasenose crew, one of whom is seen practising in the stationary mirror boat on the Isis at Oxford

England's Leader?

R. E. S. Wyatt, who is tipped to captain England against Australia, at his home, The Rookery, Meridon, with his two fine red setters

ROOMINESS

A luxurious four-seater saloon with space for a fifth if needs be. Deep form-fitting seats with real leather upholstery. Leg room to suit a "six-footer," with lots of head and elbow room. Adjustable front seats. Sensibly wide doors.

PERFORMANCE

Exhilarating acceleration that is remarkably smooth and quiet. From walking pace to 50 m.p.h. in just over 20 seconds. Fine turn of speed, the 14 h.p. model 65-70 m.p.h., the 12 h.p. model 60-65 m.p.h.

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You can make a faultless gear change every time with Vauxhall Super Synchro-Mesh. No double-declutching—no feeling for gears—nothing new to learn, just some of the old, tedious things to forget. 4-speed gearbox. Silent third gear.

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In the world of commerce certain names stand out—standards by which we gauge all similar business undertakings. Perhaps a famous Bond Street jeweller, an Oxford Street draper, a tailor in Savile Row. And, of course, among car manufacturers, there's Vauxhall Motors.

For the last thirty years the name Vauxhall has stood for all that is best in British motoring. The "Prince Henry"; the "Rouge et Noir"; that prince of record-breakers, the famous "30/98"—these and many other Vauxhalls have built for the firm a world-renowned reputation.

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VAUXHALL BIG SIX—Light Six value on a larger scale. 20 h.p. Saloon with Vauxhall No-Draught Ventilation, £325. 7-seater Limousine, £550.

Some Competitors in the English County Golf Championship at Formby

A. C. R. Stephenson (Northumberland) and J. A. Stout (Yorkshire)

Viscount Newport (Ashridge, Hertfordshire) takes a brassie

A. Harrison (Durham) and T. J. Thirsk (Yorkshire)

J. V. Todd (Durham) and A. H. Bloomer (Lincolnshire)

Sport with the Lid Off *(Continued from page 216)*

Cambridge ex-Captains Meet

Camille Malfroy (left), lawn-tennis champion of New Zealand and Davis Cup representative, with K. C. Gandar-Dower, who won five Blues while at Cambridge, and plays almost any ball game well and with a style peculiarly his own

Oxford Cricket Officials

D. F. Walker (Uppingham and Brasenose), the Secretary, a Norfolk County player who headed the Oxford batting averages last summer, and F. G. H. Chalk (Uppingham and B.N.C.), this year's Captain, who made 150 against the West Indians last year

INCIDENTALLY, the Nawab of Pataudi has just returned to England. He will be playing for Worcestershire against the Australians to-morrow. I have a sincere admiration for Pataudi, both as a cricketer and a conversationalist, and at hockey and billiards he is no slouch; but he rouses afresh the controversy about international qualification. It is more than probable that he will have to be considered for the English team, if performances alone are taken into consideration, and since he has learnt and played almost all his cricket in England, there are those who would not hesitate to pick him for the Test Matches.

A few years ago this might have seemed reasonable enough, with the precedent of the peerless Ranjitsinjhi to go upon, but now, the fact that India has been granted Test Match status makes all the difference. There is no getting away from the fact that Pataudi is an Indian, and, in my opinion, he is not eligible for England, any more than Jehangir Khan, the Cambridge bowler, is.

I AM sorry, by the way, that Douglas Jardine has decided to write about the Test Matches in an evening newspaper. No doubt he will make an excellent job of it, but his action lays itself open to misconstruction in various ways. We shall read what he has to say, of course, but always with the feeling that we would rather he were giving his advice and comments privately to the authorities, instead of making them public.

HIS theory is that Test Match cricket needs publicity and plain speaking, and both those things he will doubtless give it in full measure. It is a great pity, though, that he will be sitting in the pavilion with a note-book, instead of taking the field with the England team. I hope, at any rate, that he will let bygones be bygones, and this, I can well believe, we may surely expect from him.

Below: Miss Mary Waddell, daughter of Mr. John Waddell, who owns the Northolt Park and Portsmouth Park racecourses, photographed with a 28-lb. salmon killed on the Castle Hyde Guest House Water, at Fermoy, Co. Cork

Tail Piece!

A PORTFOLIO OF FASHION

Compiled Weekly for "The Bystander"

by Madge Garland

THE House of Burberry was a pioneer in air-minded fashions and has been responsible for the equipment of eminent flyers ever since the early days of Grahame-White. Their weatherproof materials combined with a sound knowledge of the aviator's problems and excellent tailoring make their suits a necessity for the air-woman of to-day

Cannons of Hollywood

A flowered chiffon Vionnet gown from Harvey Nichols

Red & white checked organdie makes this Mainbocher model

Rockwell, Paris

Bond Street and Thereabouts

A Weekly Commentary on Fashion

by Madge Garland

THROUGH a mist of ostrich feathers, through a haze of cellophane fabrics and flowers, amid a rustle of taffeta and faille, appear the mid-season models designed for the Courts, for Ascot, for garden-parties and all the rest of the summer festivities. To-day sees, according to custom, the opening of the Season by the infinitely dowdy, quite tremendously "period" Private View of the Royal Academy. No dressmaker has yet been brave enough to design a special costume for this function, though his place has been filled with some bravado by Mme. Laura Knight and a few other original spirits; nor any fashion reporter brave enough to tell the truth of what was presented to her fascinated gaze.

BUT this year, if some of the parades I have witnessed recently are indicative of what we may expect, Ascot will be better dressed than usual, certainly the choice is wider and the styles less remote from our present everyday wear and therefore less markedly "fancy dress." Stiff taffeta coats appear to be first favourites, perhaps black worn over a flowered crêpe-de-Chine dress, the gloves of the same fabric and the hat a wide flat sailor, untrimmed save for a ribbon. Or bright green and very short, tied with a bow in front and worn over a frilled black organza dress, the hat a small, round tip-tilted plate held on by a ribbon across the back of the head. Embroidered, striped, checked and flowered organdie and organza with matching coats or short wraps of faille, linen or plain organdie, doubled and heavily corded, are second favourites. The skirts all agree to be fairly tight until the knees when they either flare out with the help of flounces or bias godets or, if of thinner materials, are cut on the cross with a slight fish train. A black crêpe-de-Chine patterned with small brightly coloured flowers made on these lines was worn beneath a loose three-quarter length coat of black taffeta which fastened at the neck with a huge bow and had gloves made of the same crêpe-de-Chine as the dress. A white organza with large navy-blue dots on it had a short frilled cape of navy-blue held together under the chin by a bouquet of pink roses. A black and white plaid organza had an immensely wide hemline achieved by a shaped flounce put on in points and frills of the material outlining the armholes and sleeves. This gown had a high bateau neckline and was accompanied by a huge black straw hat, very shallow and worn flat on top of the head with two pink roses beneath the brim at the back. A dress cut on similar lines was of pink, black and white plaid and was completed by a waist-length coat of black crêpe-de-Chine.

MANY of the hats designed for Ascot are small affairs of tulle but the majority are broad-brimmed and extremely flat. Leghorn is an old favourite returned. A flat moderately sized hat of this straw was bound with a black velvet ribbon tied in a bow in front and secured to the head by another band across the back of the head. Another, absolutely enormous and quite flat, had its shallow crown and part of the wide brim made of the same flower patterned black crêpe-de-Chine as the accompanying dress.

In spite of these manifold preparations for formal wear, beach suits and sports clothes have had several special dress parades entirely devoted to them. The best news is the really practical sports suit which is now no longer a novelty but an ordinary item in any everyday wardrobe. This consists of a wrap-around skirt and a short tailored jacket, discard these two and beneath is a low-cut sun-bathing top and a pair of well-cut, pleated shorts, so you can go out respectably clad and yet be properly equipped to sun-bathe, play tennis or indulge in any other sport without an elaborate change of costume.

THREE attractive new types of shoes are shown in the left-hand corner of this page. All three come from Harrods; the beach shoe consisting of a sole and a band of webbing was once procurable only at St. Tropez, now one need not go farther than the Brompton Road; the tan and white court shoe is particularly well cut and the sports sandal is made of straps of navy blue and white leather.

"The Bystander" Book Shelf

Scotland, Ireland and America

By A. G. Macdonell

MICHAEL MURRAY is the pseudonym of a well-known young Scottish author and journalist, and he has written a "first" novel called *The Noblest Prospect* (Duckworth; 7*s.* 6*d.*). The title is taken from the famous remark of Dr. Johnson: "The noblest prospect which a Scotsman ever sees is the high road that leads him to England," and the subject is the impact of a young and raw Scotsman upon London, or, alternatively, the impact of London upon the youth. Mr. Murray has invented a powerful and effective method for driving fresh life into this old theme—and, after all, what does it matter how ancient a theme is so long as the treatment is new?—for he has made his hero take the part of waiter in a particularly vicious night-club. In this monstrous and depraved atmosphere the young man sees a tiny fraction, but a very vociferous, trumpeting, brazen fraction, of the mighty city. Faces loom through the heavy air of the bar-room of the Golden Horn, and they are the faces of horrible creatures who look upon themselves as being the rare spirits of London. And then suddenly Mr. Murray takes us out into the streets, into the open air, into the lives of the common people, into the ten thousand shifting scenes and sights of the town, into the exciting, throbbing heart of it all. The contrast with the Golden Horn—how clever that exotic, oriental touch!—is brilliantly done, for Mr. Murray knows his real London, and can bring queer people and small, obscure corners to life in a sentence. French Bob is a character in the true descent from the Wellers (my one complaint against the book is that we do not get enough of French Bob), and the description of the Princes Music Hall, in Poplar, is a piece of keen observation and fine writing. The Sassenach may complain that I am simply joining in the ancient conspiracy to assist a fellow-countryman in the eternal game, but I genuinely think that *The Noblest Prospect* is a fine novel. And once again I have had the enormous fun of catching out the writer of the publisher's "blurb," in a whacking, thumping mistake. Do publishers *ever* read their own novels right through? Or are they unaccustomed to a reviewer who does?

IT is rather a pity that Mr. William Roughead in his new book of criminological studies, *Rogues Walk Here* (Cassell; 10*s.* 6*d.*), should have put by far the most exciting story at the very beginning. The Ardlamont Mystery was one of the great cases, if not the greatest of all, of the 'nineties, and the other tales of villainy that Mr. Roughead has recreated with all his own skill are comparatively dull after it. Reading the story of Ardlamont one can only marvel at the astonishing skill of Sheriff Comrie Thomson, Q.C., who defended Monson, and secured a verdict of "Not Proven" out of the jury. Monson was an adventurer with a very shady past, who managed to secure the post of tutor to a young man of good family. He insured the young man's life for £20,000, and then, three days after the completion of the insurance, the young man was shot dead in circumstances which, to say the least of it, pointed to Monson as an eye-witness of the accident, if not something worse. The case against Monson was terrific, and yet Comrie Thomson, contesting every foot of ground, producing plausible explanations for everything suspicious, and enveloping the whole case in a complete fog, succeeded in getting his client off. Monson went back to London, and from time to time came into the limelight. Once as a tout for scoundrelly moneylenders, several times as an unsuccessful litigant, and once in the dock of the Old Bailey on a charge of fraud. This was his last public appearance, and he was sent to penal servitude for five years. Mr. Roughead's other cases include Sawney Beane, the Scottish Cannibal, who is believed by many people never to have existed; the murder of Mr. Jeffries by his niece, who was hanged for it in 1752; the story of Doctor Donnall, and how he was acquitted of the charge of poisoning his mother-in-law, and the story of Chantrelle, the French doctor and poisoner. But none of these are anything like so exciting or so extraordinary as the story of Mr. Monson.

Sasha

Leslie Storm

author of the new play, "Dark Horizon," produced at Daly's Theatre. In private life she is the wife of Dr. James Clark, and she is shown above with her two children, Shirley and Ann

ONE of the most picturesque, romantic, and yet sordid, stories which I have read for a long time is *The Saga of the Comstock Lode* (Scribners; 12*s.* 6*d.*), by George D. Lyman. It is the history of the double rush for precious metals in Utah in the 'sixties, a rush that is only paralleled by the double gold-and-diamond rush in Johannesburg and Pretoria. Gold was found first. But the whole of the gold country was cluttered up with a mysterious "blue-stuff." It caught on to the boots of the gold-miners; it clogged up their machines; it prevented them from getting at the precious gold. And then an enterprising man took some samples of the "blue-stuff" into an assayer's office in San Francisco, and was told that it was the richest deposit of silver that the American Continent had ever known. So the second rush began—the silver rush. Hundreds of millions of dollars were extracted in ten years from the Sun Mountain. Virginia City sprang up, with 50,000 inhabitants, to the proportion of about 49,995 men and five women. The Bad Men came in, shooting and killing. The Even Worse Men, the Lawyers, followed, with their writs and their injunctions. The Judges were speedily corrupted. The law-suits mounted up. The millionaires grew more and more reckless, until at last hot water came gushing up from the centre of the earth into the deep silver-mines, and the bottom fell out of one of the greatest—if not *the* greatest—boom in history. To-day Sun Mountain is a desolation of weed-covered shacks and coyotes and remnants of a once-teeming industry. The rattle and the bustle have gone, and the desert reigns now where the desert reigned before. *The Saga of the Comstock Lode* is a wildly fascinating book about the new and bursting virility that has become the backbone of the United States.

MR. STEPHEN GWYNN has enlarged, revised and brought up to date his guide-book on Ireland, and Messrs. Harrap are publishing it, at 7*s.* 6*d.*, under the title, *The Charm of Ireland*. There can be few writers alive to-day who have the literary skill, the historical knowledge, and the gift of lucidity to a greater extent than Mr. Gwynn for the writing of a book about Ireland. He covers the whole of that beautiful country, from Dublin to the far south-west and the far north-east. It is a timely publication, for the peculiar antics of the Dominion Secretary have more or less isolated Ireland from the rest of Britain, and there are few people who think of going to spend their holidays there nowadays. Actually, no country could be more enchanting for holiday-making. Mr. Gwynn is no mere describer of scenery: he digs deep into the history, legend, and tradition, and the book is well illustrated with photographs.

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"Bystander" Annual Review of the Air

A Flying Note

Specially written for "The Bystander" by The Most Hon.

The MARQUESS OF LONDONDERRY, K.G.,

Secretary of State for Air

The Marquess of Londonderry, author of this article, as visualised by our caricaturist, "Gitano"

An Imperial Airways' liner being refuelled at Gwadar, in Baluchistan, with a camel-train passing by. Vast territories in the East know only two forms of transport—the most modern and the most ancient

Air Marshal Sir John Steel, commanding the Royal Air Force in India, greeting Lord Londonderry on his arrival at New Delhi by the Imperial Air Mail

PEOPLE are still, I find, somewhat inclined to regard flying as a miracle, an exercise in magic of some kind or other, whereas it is, in fact, governed by natural law, in just the same manner as are all other means of progression known to man. Flying is in itself no more wonderful than, say, cycling; the wonder is that man should have discovered the principles that govern flight and the method of applying them. If flying had been man's natural means of progress instead of walking, we should now probably be gazing open-mouthed at the first daring pedestrian who had footed it between London and Brighton. Perhaps this is putting it rather strongly, but that will do no harm if only it will help people to realise that flying to-day, now that we have all the experience of thirty years to teach us, and, in those thirty years, four years of most intensive development during the war, is neither extraordinary nor dangerous. Of the latter fact the rates for insurance of air travellers on British lines are a certain indication, for insurance is an exact science based upon ascertained risks. Of the former, the increasing numbers of those who habitually fly nowadays is a convincing proof.

BUT there is as yet not nearly enough air travel in Great Britain. In the first place, we have not anything like as many aerodromes as we require in this country; in the second place, too many of us still think flying dangerous; thirdly, there is the difficulty of expense, because we have not yet sufficiently learned the lesson that time saved is money earned; and lastly, our variable climate still imposes an unfair degree of uncertainty on this means of getting about, though I have no doubt that we shall ultimately find ways to cope with fog and cloud, so as to reduce this uncertainty to a minimum. At the same time, it must be remembered that weather conditions still affect all other methods of locomotion. The first lap of my own trip to India by air started last December in such weather that the only passengers who left England for the Continent that day were those who flew. Even granted the uncertainty imposed by weather, the great advantage in speed of air travel makes this of comparatively small moment, when the journey to be undertaken is one of any considerable distance. I may be delayed at Croydon for two or even three days by fog, but I shall still reach Karachi four days or more before the steamer, even presuming the same fog has not interfered with shipping, which is very unlikely, and the further I go, the greater will be my saving in time over sea and rail.

MY recent journey to India, to which I have already alluded, has given me a most striking personal example of what air travel has now made possible. I had the time of the Christmas Parliamentary recess within which to visit the Royal Air Force Middle East Command, including the Sudan, the R.A.F. in Transjordan, Palestine and Iraq, and the R.A.F. Headquarters and stations in India, including a three-day visit to Calcutta for discussions with H.E. the Viceroy and the Commander-in-Chief in India. I left Croydon by Imperial Airways on December 13th, a day on which all the Channel steamers were weatherbound, and reached Cairo four days later to schedule. The next ten days I spent in Egypt,

(Continued on page 226)

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A Flying Note

(Continued from page 224)

inspecting the Royal Air Force stations before Christmas, attending the International Aviation Meeting there, and enjoying a few days' rest before leaving by Royal Air Force machines for Khartoum on December 27th. On December 31st I flew through to Amman, in Transjordan, and inspected the R.A.F. Station there. I went on the next day in a "Victoria" troop-carrier to Baghdad, where, after spending three nights at the Embassy with Sir Francis Humphrys and visiting R.A.F. Headquarters at Hinaidi, I once more joined the Imperial Airways system for the flight to Calcutta.

A quick lunch at the Italian Air Ministry, Rome. Lord Londonderry is talking to Colonel Shelmerdine, our Director of Civil Aviation, with General Vallé, of the Regia Aeronautica, on the right

A busy scene at Heston Airport: passengers clearing Customs for Le Touquet. There are air lines from Heston to Portsmouth, Southampton, the Isle of Wight, and the Channel Islands, with several air-taxi ranks for those who want to go farther afield

The motor-yacht "Imperia," used by Imperial Airways as their depot ship in the Mediterranean. Our picture shows her moored in Mirabella Bay, Crete, where she refuels the flying-boats and acts as a floating restaurant for passengers

It was not until just before seven o'clock on the evening of January 3rd that I left Baghdad, flying by night over the desert to Shaiba, which we reached quite uneventfully at 10 p.m., having experienced no difficulty whatever in getting off or landing by floodlight. No. 84 Squadron of the Royal Air Force entertained me most kindly, though I am afraid that, owing to the late arrival of the 'plane at Baghdad, due to contrary winds and extremely heavy weather, I had been unable to fulfil my engagement to dine with them in their mess. I slept the night at the Imperial Airways' rest-house at Shaiba. This is clean and comfortable, but one must not expect luxuries in the desert. One gets a good bed and a plentiful, if simple, breakfast in the morning, and there is plenty of hot water. As we had a good long fly to Sharjah in front of us, we were called early in order to be in the air by 6 o'clock. We came down at Koweit, where I met Colonel Cox, the British Political Agent there, and had an interesting conversation with him while we refuelled. We were in the air again by 9 o'clock and flew on to Bahrein, where we landed at midday, and I enjoyed a short walk in the sun, under a cloudless sky, with Colonel Loch, the Political Agent, and Mrs. Loch. They told me what a vast difference the coming of Imperial Airways had made in their lives. They were now within a week of London instead of five weeks. They were in the world instead of out of it. We resumed our flight again in half-an-hour or so, and enjoyed an excellent lunch in the air. It was a wonderful day and the flight to Sharjah over the Persian Gulf was indescribably beautiful. We reached Sharjah just before half-past four. Here Imperial Airways have built a rest-house in the desert, which is a triumph over many difficulties, and though, of course, there are no luxuries, one has a good bath and a dinner before retiring for the night, which is, unfortunately, a very short one, as one has to be in the air again at four o'clock in the morning. On this occasion the Sheik of Sharjah was kind enough to entertain us, after we had had a cup of tea on our arrival, with a display of Arab horsemanship. The rest-house here is surrounded by a barbed-wire fence, as the district is a very wild one, but the tribes, as a matter of fact, reserve their hostilities for one another, and there is really nothing but friendliness for Imperial Airways and its passengers. The only stop on the way to Karachi is made at Gwadar, which we reached shortly before 9 o'clock, having had breakfast in the air. After refuelling we flew on to Karachi, which we reached shortly after 2 p.m.

At Karachi we changed machines, and left the aerodrome again in an "Atalanta," for Jodhpur, flying over the great Sind Desert. There was a wonderful sunset, and we finally landed in the dark by flares at the Jodhpur aerodrome. The rest-house, which is maintained by the Maharaja of Jodhpur, is palatial. The Maharaja himself, who is a great air enthusiast, entertained me to dinner there. After a most comfortable night, which was all too short, we were in the air again next morning by 5 o'clock for the long hop to Calcutta. We reached New Delhi at 8 o'clock, where I had time to enjoy breakfast with Air Marshal Sir John Steel, Air Officer Commanding, India. Thence we flew to Cawnpore, and after coming down there for half-an-hour, we went on again to Allahabad, where we stopped an hour for luncheon. The scenery throughout our flight was most interesting, and we finally landed at Dum Dum aerodrome, Calcutta, at about 5 o'clock. This was a very long trip, but broken as it was by the intermediate landings, it was not in the least tiring, and I reached the Viceroy's Camp at Calcutta feeling quite fresh, although we had flown over 1000 miles.

(*Continued on page 228*)

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A group taken at Karachi during the Secretary of State's recent tour of the Royal Air Force stations in India. He is seen seated in the centre with Sir John Steel, A.O.C. in India, and Mr. C. A. C. J. Hendriks, Private Secretary to Lord Londonderry, fourth and third from the left respectively

A Flying Note *(Continued from page 226)*

My return flight began on January 10th, when I flew from Calcutta back to Delhi. I devoted the next fortnight to the official purposes of my journey, when I paid visits by air to all the R.A.F. stations in India, concluding with an inspection of the R.A.F. Depot at Karachi. I will say no more of this tour of inspection here, beyond remarking that only air-travel made this possible.

I picked up the Imperial Airways homeward-bound machine from Singapore at Karachi, on the morning of January 25th, and, beyond a very long day's flying between Sharjah and Baghdad, when, for a considerable part of the journey, we had to face a fifty-miles-an-hour gale, there were no incidents whatsoever worth recording. I reached Brindisi on the morning of January 29th, and thence was flown, by the courtesy of the Italian Air Ministry, in an Italian civil 'plane to Rome, where I stayed for three nights with Sir Eric Drummond, the British Ambassador, and was occupied in conducting negotiations with the Italian authorities to secure flying rights over Italian territory for the Imperial Airways' services, in order to cut out the rail section of the route to Egypt between Paris and Brindisi. On February 2nd I flew from Paris to Croydon by Imperial Airways, thus completing a tour during which I had covered over 16,000 miles in some five weeks.

It will be observed that my air journey was entirely uneventful. The principal impression that I derived was that of the efficiency and comfort of the service, and the unfailing courtesy of all the officials of the company with whom the passengers came in contact. Everything certainly is done to make the journey not only safe but comfortable. Improvements in detail there will certainly be in the future, but the present standard is a very high one, of which the Company is justly proud, and with which this country may well be satisfied.

The de Havilland "Diana," designed and built in record time as the type for service on the final stage of Imperial Airways' route from Singapore to Australia. This machine cruises at 150 miles an hour and represents a great advance in speed with safety, being able to fly, fully loaded, with two engines stopped

There is neither the room nor the need for the amusements and luxuries which must accompany sea travel, in order to relieve the long monotony of the journey, but let nobody think that he will be called upon to endure any hardships if he travels by air. The worst he will have to suffer is a short night on certain sections of the route, but it is always easy to sleep in the aeroplane. The seats are comfortable, with plenty of leg-room, and the traveller will find that reading and writing are much easier in the air than in the train, owing to the entire absence of vibration. It is quite unnecessary for me to labour the immense advantage in speed, an advantage which night flying will further emphasise in the course of future development of air-travel over travel by any other medium.

Mrs. John Cherry's party in the restaurant at Heston

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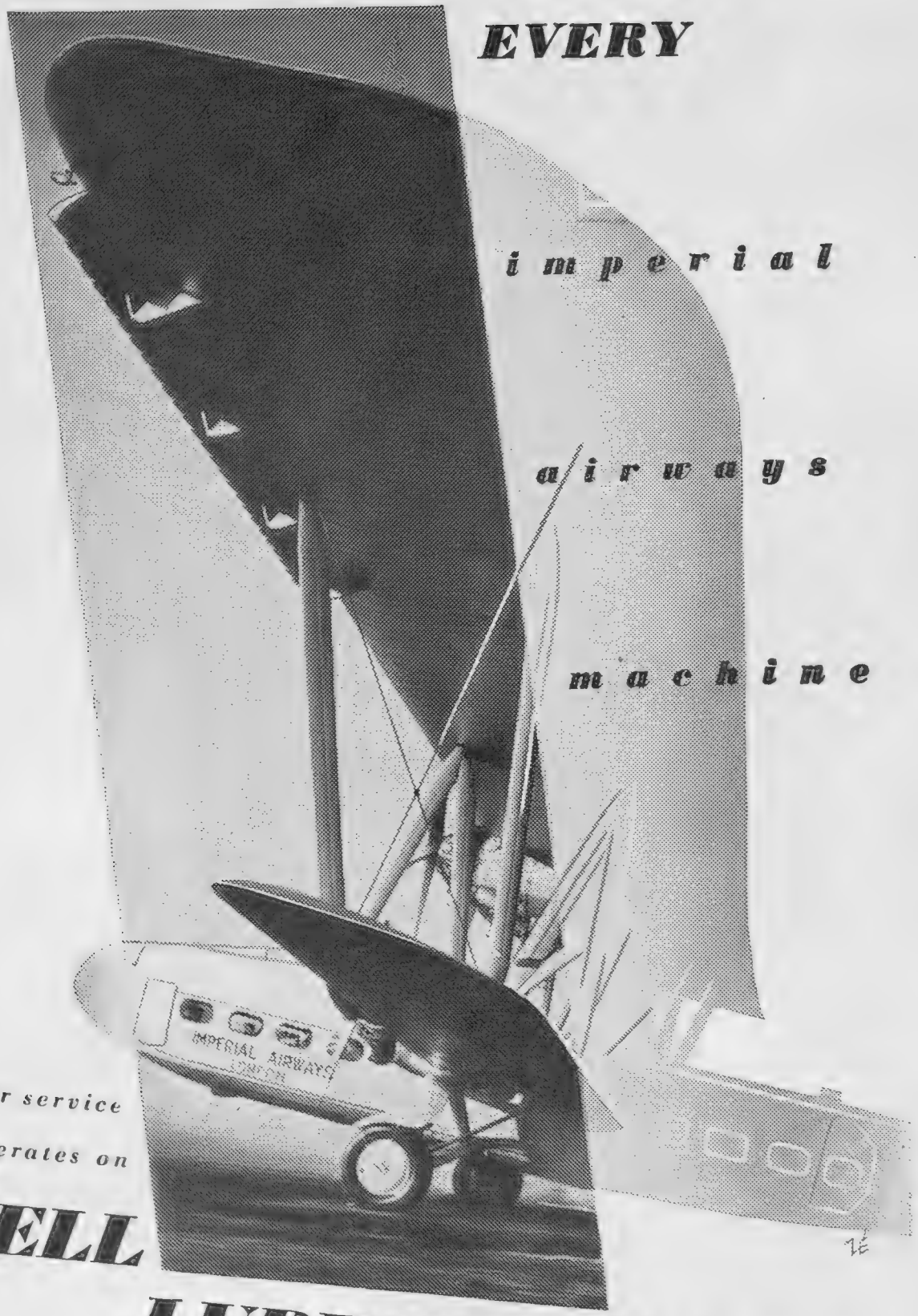

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The British Flying Clubs

An Historical Chronicle

By Harold E. Perrin

Right: outside the entrance to Heston airport, where there is a flying school and club-house facilities for pupils

Mr. J. A. Harris, the chief instructor at the London Aeroplane Club, Hatfield, giving some advice to pupils from South Africa and Norway, Mr. H. R. Kirkman and Mr. Christiansen

Flight-Lt. R. P. P. Pope, D.F.C., who instructs at the Air Service Training School at Hamble, checking pupils' maps before a cross-country flight

In 1933 the Flying Clubs of Great Britain flew 40,000 hours. This represents a distance of well over three million miles. These Clubs, altogether, own some 114 aeroplanes and have trained the great majority of the 6400 people who have, at one time or another, qualified for pilots' licences in this country. Although the Flying Club movement is relatively young, its handsome record is no mushroom growth. Some, like the Midland Aero Club and the Lancashire Aero Club, began active life some years prior to 1925, but real flying by club members actually started when the Government subsidy scheme came into operation in 1925, and the late Sir Sefton Brancker laid the foundation of his extraordinary work in this field. The first five clubs which fulfilled the necessary conditions have enjoyed significant success, though not without ups and downs, and the following very brief notes indicate their progress.

The London Aeroplane Club, after eight years at Stag Lane, moved to the de Havilland Aircraft Company's new aerodrome at Hatfield last year. It has trained the record number of 300 pilots and now has 270 flying members. In 1933 it flew 2300 hours. The fleet consists of four open Moths and a Puss Moth. The Midland Aero Club, at Castle Bromwich, Birmingham, has just changed its veteran Cirrus II. Moths for three with Gipsy Major engines and one Puss Moth. The enclosed-cabin habit is being acquired even amongst the hardy ones of the Midlands and the North. Last year 1400 hours were flown, and 27 pilots trained. The Lancashire Aero Club, at Woodford, Cheshire, owns two Avro Avians, two Avro Cadets, and a cabin Desoutter. The total membership is 292, and a branch is operated at Barton, the airport for Manchester. The Newcastle-upon-Tyne Aero Club, at Cramlington, is somewhat isolated by geographical conditions, but nearly all the 144 members are flying members. They flew 1328 hours in 1933 and 40 pilots were trained. The Yorkshire Aeroplane Club, operating originally at Sherburn, was taken over subsequently by National Flying Services and moved to Yeadon, near Hull, in 1931.

The Liverpool and District Aero Club is at Hooton Park, west of the Mersey, but it operates also at the new Liverpool Airport at Speke, and co-operates with the Southport Aero Club. Three Avro Avians, two Gipsy Moths, and a Puss Moth are used. The Club was formed in 1928, and in 1933 a total of 2367 hours were flown. The Hampshire Aero Club commenced operations in 1926. In 1932 it moved from Hamble, now occupied by the Air Service Training School, to the Southampton airport, at Eastleigh, where 219 flying members put in 1825 flying hours last year in three Moths and a three-seater Spartan.

The next batch of new organisations came in 1927, when the Scottish Flying Club, the Norfolk and Norwich Aero Club, and the Bristol and Wessex Aeroplane Club came into being. All these have progressed very well, and their flying hours for 1933 were respectively 2366, 820, and 1620. Even allowing for its monopoly of Scotland, the record of the first is remarkable. The aerodromes are at Renfrew, near Glasgow, Norwich, and Whitchurch, near Bristol. The Cinque Ports Aero Club was founded in 1928 and had a very effective career from the beginning. It re-organised in 1933 and is controlled by Brooklands Aviation, Ltd. In 1928, also, the North Staffs Aero Club was formed, but active operations did not begin until last year, with one Moth operating at Stoke-on-Trent.

In 1929 National Flying Services established the Hanworth Club, at Feltham, and provincial centres at Hull, Nottingham, Reading, Sherburn-in-Elmet, and, later, at Blackpool. These were run on a chain system, under a special subsidy arrangement. Recently the Berks, Bucks and Oxon Aero Club, at Reading, has been taken over by the Reading Aero Club, and the Hull Aero Club has assumed an independent existence. The York County

(*Continued on page 232*)

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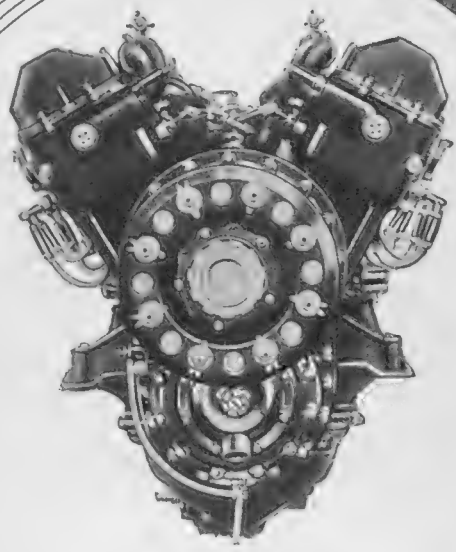

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The British Flying Clubs *(Cont. from p. 230)*

Aviation Club, operating at Sherburn with three machines, was established when the Yorkshire Aeroplane Club moved to Yeadon, the Municipal Airport for Leeds and Bradford. The Leicestershire Aero Club was also formed in 1929 and has had a very successful career. It will move from Desford to the new Leicester Municipal Aerodrome at Braunstone in July of this year.

Brooklands Aero Club, founded in 1912, resumed activity as a flying organisation in 1932, and is one of the busiest in the country, having flown something like 3000 hours in 1932. Like the Cinque Ports and Northamptonshire Clubs, it is controlled by Brooklands Aviation, Ltd. The Northamptonshire Aero Club was founded in 1927 and became renowned for its "club spirit." A reorganisation was made advisable by the depression in 1933, and Brooklands took over.

The Southern Aero Club is at Shoreham-on-Sea, one of the oldest aerodromes in the country. The Club was founded in 1925 and is one of the smaller organisations which has gone steadily and uneventfully on with the job. It will move shortly to the new Brighton, Hove, and Worthing airport, now nearly finished. In 1931 the Herts and Essex Aero Club was founded, and has made, perhaps, the most striking progress of any. Operating from its own aerodrome, at Broxbourne, it has 175 flying members and has trained 97 pilots. Last year 2500 hours were flown. No less than fourteen silver cups have been presented for competition, and the keen rivalry explains something of this Club's success. The Cardiff Aeroplane Club was formed in the same year, and operates two aeroplanes from the Cardiff Municipal Airport.

The Kent Flying Club, at Bekesbourne, near Canterbury, formed in 1931, is steadily growing. It has trained 30 pilots and flew 900 hours last year. One unique feature is the Autogiro which Mr. Ramsay, its owner, has placed at the Club's disposal. The Eastern Counties Aeroplane Club, founded in 1931, operates from Ipswich Aerodrome with two Redwing aircraft. Its difficulties have been greater than most, as the district is not easy to inspire with enthusiasm for aviation enterprise. Another 1931 club is that of Scarborough, which works from Ganton Aerodrome, and other clubs of the north-east are those at Skegness and Grimsby. In the other direction from London is the Wiltshire School of Flying and Country Club, at High Post, near Salisbury, and the Cotswold Aero Club, which is making very good progress near Cheltenham.

An action-picture taken in one of the squash courts at Hatfield Aerodrome. In providing facilities for exercise, Hatfield has set the pace, which other flying centres have not been slow to follow

The Royal Aircraft Establishment Aero Club was founded in 1922 for members of the R.A.E., and is the only Club which has designed and built machines for its members to fly. Other clubs of a private nature and restricted membership are the Household Brigade Flying Club, at Heston; the Royal Naval Flying Club; the Press Aero Club at Brooklands, and the London Passenger Transport Board Sports Association Flying Club, at Broxbourne.

Of the foregoing, eighteen receive the Government subsidy, in addition to the National Flying Services' chain, and sixteen are operating without help from the State. The essentials, spirit and enthusiasm, are quite often found in greatest measure in unpromising surroundings, but it would be a mistake to infer that improvement is therefore a bad thing. The hardy enthusiast still has his—or her—place; but a very important function of flying clubs is to illustrate gently to the public that flying is no longer a wild adventure. A degree of comfort, on the ground and in the air has its effect, and if the clubs can help forward a vitally important national industry the better for some financial help, the taxpayer will have no cause to grudge the £16,000 in subsidy which is paid.

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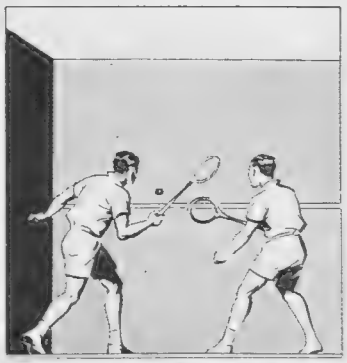

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Mr. Gandar-Dower and Mr. Angus Irwin with the Puss Moth that they used on their journey to India in search of adventure

Miss O'Malley-Keyes, Miss Lili Damita, and Mr. Hugo Brassey arriving at Le Touquet by the B.A.N.CO. service which operates from Heston. In the background is a Ford all-metal air liner, one of the machines used on this route

By Air in Search of Adventure

By K. C. Gandar-Dower

THERE seem to be two kinds of aeroplanes. There are the ones I see when I am the Man in the Street, and there are the others I read about whenever I become a member of the great British public. The first sort are extremely dull: they come droning out of a piece of rather nasty grey sky and drone back into it again. It is the most nursemaids can do to get babies in prams not to cut them dead these days. They kick up a most irritating rumpus when taking-off from aerodromes just round the corner, and interrupt elderly Colonels in the middle of anecdotes about Baluchistan. But there is nothing dull in the ones I read about. These are perpetually falling into the Channel or causing alarm in Hyde Park whenever I happen to be somewhere else. Best of all are the legendary wonders that, carrying a child of twelve as pilot and a baby giraffe as mascot, rocket around the shoulder of the world and invariably have hard luck at Womsk. An aeroplane seems capable of doing anything once it has got its name into the papers and its nose on to a record.

The average man hardly knows which to believe in: the ones he sees are so dull and the ones he hears of so dramatic. But there is a third type of aeroplane that no one ever sees or hears of, the kind that goes upon long-distance flights, out for no records, yet questing for amateur adventure. Personally, I admire the stunt flights of the professional adventurers. I do not care whether such flights are useful or useless. But, apart from the thrill of racing and of danger, they cannot be good fun. They must be too exhausting and monotonous, for unbroken flying in a straight line can be a dreary thing; even a passenger begins to feel this sameness if he flies constantly to Paris by Imperial Airways.

The sport of long-distance flying for fun is a different thing. Few people seem to realise either its delights or its drawbacks. The delights are simply told. They are the realisation of those dreams which every business man has been careful to put away, together with childish things, in order that they shall not destroy his efficiency by making him a little sad and dissatisfied. A friend and I flew ourselves to Madras a year ago, and we loved every moment of the trip. If one goes by ship, calling only at Malta, Port Said, Suez, and Aden, one never sleeps ashore; there is no scope for adventure; one's fate is in a capable captain's hands. But to fly there oneself gives a sensation that neither the passenger by P. and O. nor Imperial Airways can hope to know. With destiny in one's own hands, there is the feeling of forsaking a humdrum life and getting out to something new. Everything else is unreal: the task in hand is all, and that task consists of helping to get one's own machine across strange new lands and seas. One never knows quite how or where, or when or why one will end each day's journey. Visibility may be fifty miles in every direction and never a trace of man. And there is beauty—Sicily was grand in its ruggedness; the coast of the Persian Gulf a crazy sight to English eyes. Very soon there will have to be a great painter of the air. Just occasionally, one is brought up, quite delightfully, against a little tingle of fear. That sounds rather like the "Coming Shortly" notices of the latest Hollywood fiasco. Oddly enough, the flies in the ointment consist solely of the limitations peculiar to air travel in the present stage of its development, and, even more, in the present stage of international development. Fuel and Fuss are the twin banes of a long-distance flier's life.

I will deal with these in relation to popular beliefs. There is a popular belief that it is very expensive to fly to India. Actually, for two pilots it is no more expensive than to travel first-class by boat. £20 for Government permits, £20 in landing fees, £20 for incidental personal expenses, no more than £80 for oil and petrol, which are obtainable by signing carnets at the various aerodromes, thanks to a most efficient world-wide system. But there is also, alas! a mistaken popular belief that an aeroplane is a disembodied spirit, capable of going anywhere. That, to start on a long-distance flight, it is only necessary to get into

(Continued on page 236)

Satyrus, one of the flying-boats built by Short Brothers for Imperial Airways' service across the Mediterranean, seen lying at anchor in Alexandria Harbour

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By Air in Search of Adventure *(Continued from page 234)*

your machine and go. There is a sense of surprise that the private pilot is lucky if he gets to his destination as quickly as the boat, since he can fly at 100 m.p.h., whereas the boat can only move at twenty. He is suspected of lying in bed in the mornings or losing his way. His excuse is that the boat can "do" 20 m.p.h. for twenty-four hours, that he can fly only by day and usually has to spend half of that day on the ground. In fact, his answer to the question is that private flying, which could be the most delightful way of travel, is robbed of half its pleasure and all its efficiency by those twin nightmares—Fuel and Fuss.

The fuel difficulty is one of capacity and is easy to understand. The normal light aeroplane can carry petrol for no more than 450 to 650 miles. Extra tanks mean jettisoning what little luggage you have, and then your fellow pilot and you and your traditional toothbrush end up the sole foreign features in a flying fuelery. Faced by the possibility of head-winds, you can only count on "hops" of up to 450 miles. You do not feel quite so disembodied when you realise that the freedom of the uncharted skies has boiled itself down to a choice between two possible routes to India. The first is across Germany, Austria, and the Balkans to Asia Minor and Baghdad; the second via France, Italy and Sicily, or Corsica and Sardinia, to Tunis, North Africa, Egypt, Palestine, and across the Syrian desert also to Baghdad. Thus, need of landing-grounds and petrol supplies severely limits your route.

But it is when you come up against officialdom that the fun begins. Before you start you have to pay £20 in wires to countries en route for permission to fly across their surfaces. It is absolutely forbidden to photograph from the air in French or Italian or Persian territories, presumably because of espionage. And on landing there are so many formalities to be observed that it is practically impossible ever to be off the ground in less than an hour, even though the Customs are usually helpful and efficient. And in that hour one has not had time to eat. I remember leaving Montelimar at dawn and arriving at Naples at dark. In a thirteen-hour day we had flown 600 miles at 100 m.p.h. The other seven hours were spent upon the ground in signing the necessary "unnecessary" forms and eating two biscuits. On landing, you show your passport, your Carnet—a complex piece of work—your permit to leave the last aerodrome, your freedom from smuggling, your Customs manifest, your bill of health and possibly your pilot's licence. Of these you would have thought a passport and a Customs manifest might have been quite enough. And the filling-up of these forms is not made more rapid by the fact that you find you cannot speak French after all, and that the officials are nearly as badly at sea as you. Some day this absurd confusion of petty restrictions will be swept away, and then private long-distance flying will become the delightful sport it ought to be, and the record-breaking aviators will not find it quite so necessary to scrabble about without sleep among vast petrol-tanks merely because they do not want to land. In spite of the forms and the fuss, our journey to Madras in search of adventure was worth while—it was a fortnight worth living.

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"The Bystander" Reviews the Year in the Air

First-Class Travel is Air Travel

By Charles Ward

The "Bystander" Air Correspondent

The Country Flying Club at Hanworth, one of the nearest aerodromes to London for learning to fly

MAY 1ST seems a better day than most to publish our seventh annual review of flying. Summer time has arrived, and with it the multitude of summer services to lure us from England to foreign parts. Twelve 'planes a day to Paris—Egypt three days' distant—India and Kenya five—Monte Carlo, Rome or Vienna for the week-end—to Berlin and back in a day. There are taxi-'planes on the rank at most airports, with pilots who know the route to Clacton or Cochin China. The four hundred—according to the Register of Lloyd's and the British Corporation, there were 438 a week ago—fortunate owners of their own machines have enjoyed the freedom of the air and the wider horizon brought by spring weather for weeks past. Flying clubs and schools are crowded with pupils anxious to try their wings.

Loading the Indian mail at Croydon. Soon it will be the Australian mail, for the line to Singapore is already open and that to Melbourne will be in operation by the end of this year

Ten Years

IMPERIAL AIRWAYS, our national air transport company, has just completed ten years of operation. In 1924 its route mileage was no more than 1760, whereas to-day this figure has increased to 14,000, extending to three continents and twenty-two countries. By the end of this year the final link in the line to Australia will be forged, and the second of the Company's objectives achieved. The first was Cape Town, the route to South Africa being opened two years ago, and the third is the air line to Canada, the most difficult proposition of all, though a probability in five years' time. The proof that first-class travel is air travel is obvious to anyone who flies. An air journey is a conducted tour de luxe. The passenger has no worries—nothing to do but read, sleep, eat, drink, and admire the view from the beginning to the end of the journey. It is a proved fact that the cabins of the Heracles air liner are quieter than the first-class compartments on a train de luxe. Until quite recently the most impressive vehicles in the Company's fleet were the flying-boats used on the Mediterranean, but the same constructors, Short Brothers, of Rochester, have produced something even better in the Scylla class landplane for the extension of the London-Paris route to Marseilles. East of Karachi and south of Nairobi services are operated with the Armstrong-Whitworth "Atalanta," a type specially designed for comfortable travel in a tropical climate, and for the line from Singapore to Australia an entirely new type has been built by de Havillands. We in England may well be proud of the efficient organisation that has been built up by Imperial Airways in so short a time. It is no easy task to direct a transport system of this magnitude. Victoria Falls but Shell on the air routes is one of the contributing factors to success, though there are many other services rendered at dozens of airports in different countries which enable Imperial Airways to claim a particular reputation for reliability.

[*Continued on page 240*

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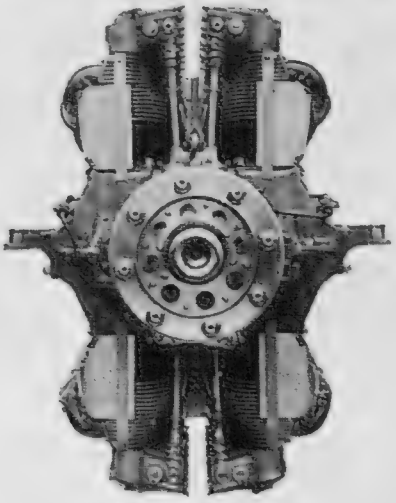

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"The Bystander" Reviews the Year in the Air *(Continued from page 238)*

The club-house at Brooklands is well placed on the edge of the aerodrome, with a view of flying activities from the restaurant, lounge, and bar

Home Airways

THE most significant development of the year at home is the increase in air lines serving our provincial cities and coast resorts, with connections to the Continent from Croydon, Heston, and Hull. The Southern Railway has its own line to the Isle of Wight, operated with Spartan Cruisers that proved so popular on the same route last year. There is a line to Jersey from Heston, with two Dragons a day each way; and the G.W.R. line from Plymouth to the Midlands will be reopened quite shortly. Only a few weeks ago the Prime Minister and Lord Londonderry inaugurated the longest of our internal lines, that from London to Liverpool, Belfast and Glasgow. For this service, Midland and Scottish Air Ferries have ordered a new type of 'plane, the Avro 642, which carries sixteen passengers, cruising at 135 miles an hour, for an all-in cost of one penny per passenger per mile. Croydon is still the air liner's international airport of call for London, with Heston doing duty for the private owner, the air taxis of Birkett and B.A.N.C.O. and the latter's service to Le Touquet. Amongst air junctions, Portsmouth is becoming increasingly important, having a magnificent aerodrome at the centre of the south coast. Bristol, Liverpool, and Manchester are cities whose airports must develop considerably, owing to their strategic positions on natural air corridors, whilst Gatwick and Gravesend are two on the outskirts of London which will relieve Croydon of its surplus Continental traffic in course of time. Municipalities are slowly realising that every town must have its aerodrome, even though the Autogiro may land in a back garden.

A silhouette of Croydon, showing passengers embarking for Paris by the Air France liner "Golden Clipper"

'Planes and Schools for Pilots

THE British Flying Clubs are the models on which all others have been based, and their success in providing cheap flying for the enthusiasts has been due very largely to the British light aeroplane and its engine that has set a standard for the world to copy. The Gipsy Moth is still the fashion, the latest model at £695 creating an entirely new low level of cost for a 130-h.p. two-seater. For the side-by-siders there is the B.2 trainer, the modern version of the Bluebird, sold by Aircraft Exchange and Mart, which also handles the Airspeed "Courier," a twin-engined model of which is due on the market to-day. The perennial controversy of biplane versus monoplane is still undecided. In the latter class, there is the Leopard, a cabin de luxe for the private owner, and the Klemm, for the club pilot who wants a safe and cheap flyabout. For those who would learn to fly more quickly than is possible at members' clubs, there are many schools from which to make a choice; or one can buy a 'plane from Henlys and be taught to fly it free of charge. At Heston, Hatfield, and Brooklands for London, and at Hamble, in Hampshire, one can learn to fly in a few days if such speed is essential. Hamble is our air University, where every branch of aeronautics can be studied in addition to the art of flying on landplanes or seaplanes. With Brooklands is associated the College of Aeronautical Engineering, which trains pupils for ground jobs on the aerodromes. A career in aviation is one of the most interesting that any young man could desire, for flying has created an industry which is world-wide, and may become the most powerful of any that history has known.

The Public and the Aircraft Industry

THE public is well served by its aircraft and engine manufacturers, for in the most important respects their products are the finest that are made. The flying equipment of the Royal Air Force has a quality not possessed by any foreign country, and if proof be needed, it is bought, built, or copied by everyone, with the possible exception of the Germans and the Americans. The particular branches of construction in which we have excelled are flying-boats, which are also seaworthy, fast fighting machines, both single- and two-seaters, light aeroplanes and engines of all types. Flying-boat construction is still in the hands of the big four—Shorts, Blackburns, Vickers Supermarine, and Saunders Roe; fighters of the present day are mostly Hawkers or Bristols, though fashions change, as the Air Ministry believes in the rotation of orders to keep the industry healthy. The big engine of the day is the Rolls-Royce in the Service and the Bristol in the air liners, though the Armstrong-Siddeley "family" runs the latter fairly close. Napier's have many interesting engines for the market, not the least important being two using heavy fuel oil, the successful development of which will mean a great deal in the increased safety of flying. On May 24th, which is Empire Air Day, the public will have an opportunity of inspecting aircraft factories, R.A.F. and civil aerodromes at close quarters, a facility which has not previously been available. As the R.A.F. will become our first line of defence and the air routes our principal means of communication for trade and travel, it is of some importance to our peace of mind and state of pocket that we should, as a nation, learn something of air power and its possibilities. The credit for this association of Empire Day with the air must be given to the Air League.

"The Aeroplane"

Shell-Mex and B.P. on parade, standing easy! From left to right: J. C. C. Taylor, G. N. Wilson, deputy general manager of the Company, C. R. Field, in charge of the aviation department, R. R. Bentley and G. Guillermin. Part of the Company's fleet of Moths, an Avian, and a Comper Swift, is seen in the background

"The Bystander" Reviews the Year in the Air

(Continued)

The Accessories before the Fact

To achieve any sort of success in the air, commercially, privately, or in the military sense, the aircraft and its engine must be properly constructed, efficiently maintained and supplied with the essential fuel and oil which make the wheels go round. The designer relies for the success of his creation on many accessories in the construction of which he has no say. Tyres, wheels and brakes by Dunlop, for instance, are sufficient guarantee for safe manœuvring on the ground. Dope—strange word—by Cellon or Titanine ensures that the fabric remains taut and therefore the wings retain their efficiency under all weather conditions. Every British achievement in the air last year and many foreign record flights were associated with K.L.G. "Fit and forget" is even more applicable to the Wizard, a newcomer amongst plugs, with a record of 3300 hours working life and still sparking. K.L.G. is making this plug for Imperial Airways. Most good engines run on any good petrol, but prefer a uniform grade for any one journey. Stanavo is a fuel obtainable throughout Europe. If guarantee is needed, no trans-Atlantic flight on Stanavo has ever failed, and there have been fifty-one such flights to date. Castrol, the product of an all-British firm, is the oil for world's records, and has been used for the many pioneer flights of survey that will always be associated with the name of Lord Wakefield. Space does not permit mention of all the aids and accessories that have helped to change flying from a wild adventure to a normal mode of travel. The proof of this change is in the insurance policy, which costs no more for a flight to Paris by Imperial Airways than for the corresponding journey by boat and train.

Flying is International

Nothing brings home the fact that flying is international so much as a visit to Croydon airport, or, better still, to one of the Continental airports, such as Le Bourget, for Paris, or Templehof, for Berlin, each of which is a junction for air lines radiating to all parts of Europe, Asia, Africa and, now, South America. The babble of strange tongues, foreign markings on machines, uniforms, luggage are a reminder that aircraft move freely from one country to another, ignoring the artificial barrier of man-made frontiers, clearing mountain ranges and crossing the sea as if such obstacles to progression had ceased to exist. In Europe each of the leading countries has developed its own air transport system, with the aid of the ubiquitous subsidy from its Government. Air France, which operates what is probably the largest single air-line system in the world, serving twenty-nine countries in four continents, has reorganised its fleet and offers many new services to the traveller, including London to Rome in a day, and an attractive trip to the Balearic Islands by flying-boat from Marseilles. The French "Golden Clipper" is as familiar at Croydon as the world-famous Fokker types used by the Royal Dutch Air Lines, and the all-metal Junkers from Germany. In June, K.L.M. inaugurates a direct service from Amsterdam across the North Sea to Hull, which may well become an international airport for the North of England. Germany has become so air-conscious that she has a dictator for aviation. Lufthansa operates most of the night services in Europe—there are very few—and a new service to South America has been started quite recently, using a ship as a refuelling base in mid-Atlantic. The Graf Zeppelin persists in confounding its critics, and is advertised to fly regularly to Brazil this year. In the United States, with its multitude of air lines linking every important city, more air miles are covered than in the whole of the rest of the world together. Speed in the air, associated with comfort and safety, has been achieved, and first-class travel has come to mean Air Travel, wherever the facilities for flying have become firmly established. For our own peace of mind on the subject of defence, and also for business purposes, we need many more aerodromes, both at home and in the Empire. The events of the season, culminating in the race to Australia for the MacRobertson Trophy in October, should stimulate the imagination of the most blasé and tempt many who have not yet flown to taste the freedom of the air.

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COWES ... ... ,,	10.15	12.30	5. 0		7.45

To LONDON.

	a.m.	a.m.	p.m.		p.m.
COWES ... ... dep.	8.30	10.45	3.15	from May 15	6. 0
*RYDE ... ... ,,	8.40	10.55	3.25		6.10
Croydon Airport ... arr.	9.20	11.35	4. 5		6.50
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Bystanders in "the House"

A Stock Exchange Note-Book

Chatter by "Junk" Caricatures by "Jonk"

Lionel Ettlinger

In the Prompter's Box

SINCE the great Budget announcement that sixpence was being lifted from income tax, markets in the Stock Exchange have been strangely quiet. So much so, in fact, that it 's been remarked that if Mr. Chamberlain had taken another sixpence off, he might have closed the place altogether.

TO-DAY that 's been done: the House is shut and members are all on golf-links, in their gardens or on the London-Brighton road. However, the reason for this junketing, as for the November holiday, is of the past, and has not the remotest connection with Mr. Chamberlain. In the old days, the Bank of England used to close their books on the first days of May and November, before the payment of dividend on Consols 2½. There was, therefore, no business to do in those stocks, and as dealings in them were the most important part of the daily round of the Stock Exchange, everyone said "Let 's have a holiday." And they did. And so do we.

MEMBERS who haven't had enough walking to do in the House take advantage of this inherited holiday each year by setting out at crack of dawn to leg it from Big Ben to the Aquarium, Brighton. L. J. Hollyer, last year's winner, is not competing in this Walk, and several other would-be entrants have been too busy with the Jungle boom and so on, to train properly. However, thirty-six competitors decided to hand themselves over to Gordon Brown, who, as chairman of the Athletic Club, controls the start. At the other end of the fifty-two miles is the dinner, which this year will be something special, as a presentation is being made to Sir Harry Preston. More about that later.

GORDON BROWN, before he succeeded the late Percy Geach as chairman, had been for more than ten years the capable, energetic and tactful honorary secretary of the Club. His House walking career began with the 1921 race, when he came in third, winning the handicap and the Novices' Cup. Next year he had 'flu, and since then being hon. sec. has kept him too busy to train, but he has tramped over the course on other occasions. He took part in the St. Dunstan's race for blinded men, leading one of the competitors by a tape fixed to his arm. They did the distance in thirteen hours, and this in spite of the St. Dunstan's man having had very little training, Gordon Brown none, and the latter carrying a haversack full of tea, jelly, embrocation, etc., for the last thirty miles, owing to the breakdown of the food van—a noble effort. In his picture, the chairman is accompanied by his golliwog mascot, without which he would hardly be recognisable on Walk days.

THERE was less of a crowd than usual for the Point-to-Point, at Sherenden Park, owing to the indifferent-looking day, but the weather held, and the afternoon's racing, all among the Kentish hopfields, was a very pleasant one. A case of "P-J 1919" as an accessory to the car of a well-known member made a cheerful rallying-point for more than a few of the field. P. N. Kemp-Gee's Creebilly, with D'Oyley Sheppard up, won the Stock Exchange Lightweight Race. The owner is a keen farmer, and has a model establishment down in Sussex. He works like a trojan in the House, chiefly in the American market, and writes pamphlets periodically on financial subjects. The Heavy-weight Race was won by T. V. W. Willes, who hunts with the Heythrop, on his Irish mare, Asthore. Third in that race was Waldron Smithers' Poem II., ridden by Edward Paget; he and Ralph Gibbs, the two joint secretaries, are to be congratulated on the excellence of all the arrangements. Lady Camden, whose husband is Lord Lieutenant of Kent, presented the cups at the end of the meeting.

Gordon Brown

And the Chairman's Golliwog

Rosemary Fotheringham-Parker

"Nanette"

In the Wings

"NO, NO, NANETTE," was voted one of the best shows the Operatic Society has done recently. The ladies of the chorus, all young and pretty, contributed largely to the success of the piece. The change-over from tank corps to light cavalry in this direction has been made only lately, and was good tactics. The male members of the chorus thought so too, judging by the touching displays of appreciation in the wings. This is Jonk's report, and he made a drawing to prove his point. The usual team of stars were in the cast, plus Edward Margetson, of the Baltic Operatic Society. Rosemary Fotheringham-Parker was a bewitching Nanette; her looks, voice and personality are qualifications enough for a full-length, less soubrette-ish heroine's part. Jonk's other picture is of Leonard Ettlinger, the stage manager, whom he discovered hard at work in the prompter's box, whence he controls cues, call-boys, lost words, lost leading ladies, and more "smoke," whatever that switch meant.

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Cars with a Personality

The Twenty/70 Hillman Limousine

By The Earl of Cardigan

Above: on a long-wheel-base chassis, this Hillman limousine is a distinctly imposing car. It is spacious enough to carry seven passengers, and yet is perfectly "handy" and quite pleasant to drive

Below: the "occasional" seats are comfortable enough for the purpose which their name implies. When not in use, they fold neatly away. A winding glass panel can be raised to shut off the driving compartment

The back seat is exceedingly luxurious, and there is plenty of knee-room even when the occasional seats are in use. When the central arm-rest is raised, three people can sit comfortably abreast

A useful luggage-grid is fitted. Note also the hinged "quarter light" window, which provides ventilation, without permitting any direct draught

IT seems to be the convention, in reviewing motor-cars, to deal first with points of design and performance, and only at long last with the vital matter of price. The new Hillman, however, is an unusual car, and perhaps will justify me in adopting an unusual method. Let me say at once, then, that the seven-seater limousine model is sold at the astonishingly low figure of £360 complete.

It must not be supposed that the car gives any evidence of having been built primarily to sell at this ultra-modest price. On the contrary, it is very fully equipped, and possesses many special features making for convenience and comfort. For this very reason, it is the more remarkable that £360 can represent (presumably) a profit to the makers.

The long-wheelbase chassis is in every way thoroughly efficient. The engine is a six-cylinder side-valve unit, and is rated for tax at 21 h.p. It runs very silently and smoothly, and gives very rapid acceleration throughout its range of speed. The maximum is a good 70 m.p.h., so that anything between 50 and 60 m.p.h. is no more than a comfortable cruising speed.

The gear-box is remarkable. The gears, without any assistance, are easy enough to engage (*e.g.*, second with transmission "fixed"). There is, however, a synchro-mesh device in the case of top and third gears. As if this were not enough, there is also a free-wheel mechanism—which can be locked when not desired—by means of which any gear can be engaged perfectly silently, and without necessity for the clutch being used. In other words, only by the most shocking perversity can one produce any sort of a "crash" change.

Third gear is a thoroughly useful ratio, being most valuable in traffic, and giving a maximum speed of about 50 m.p.h. Another feature which the driver will appreciate is that, although this "Twenty-70" is a large car, it is by no means clumsy on the road. It corners well, and is very steady at all speeds. The steering is very light, although perfectly definite in action, and having a pleasantly firm self-centring effect.

The brakes are of the servo type, and of great power. They are not fierce, however, and can be applied quite firmly without any untoward results. The springing is thoroughly efficient, and no doubt contributes largely to the car's general steadiness.

The seven-seater coachwork is distinctly well planned. The driving seat is, of course, a fixed one, having a partition behind it. Although, no doubt, such a car is destined to be mainly chauffeur-driven, there is comfort and leg-room enough to tempt the owner very frequently to take the wheel himself. As for the back seat, this is truly luxurious, being wide enough to take three people when the central arm-rest is raised. Indeed, the general effect is that of a "luxury" car, such as would, only a few years ago, have been hopelessly beyond the reach of that large section of motorists for which the Hillman Company is now catering.

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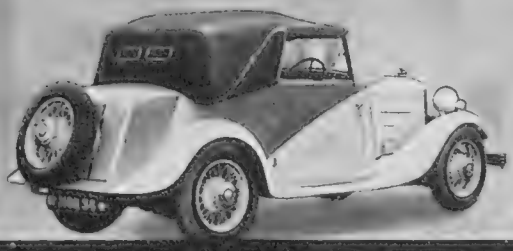

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(1) H. G. Bentley (Lancashire), D. S. Piper (Lincolnshire). (2) H. N. M. Fogg (Cheshire) A. S. Newey (Worcestershire). (3) I. G. Sutherland (Cheshire), J. H. Wolfson and J. O. M. Hill (Norfolk). (4) J. Wollam (Cheshire), F. H. Rowse (Middlesex). (5) C. N. Scotter and K. B. Tennant (both of Cumberland and Westmorland). (6) Major A. Whitley Laverack, M.C. (Hon. Sec. to the English Golf Union), and Captain H. M. Heppel (Secretary to the Formby Golf Club)

The English County Golf Championship at Formby

F. G. L. Fairlie on Golf

Army, County and Sussex Championships

Two or three events of minor importance have occurred since last I sat down to write my page, and two others are starting on this very day. The first is the Army Championship, a joyous meeting, which this year is being held, much to the delight of all the competitors, at St. Andrews; and the other is the English Championship, which is taking place at Formby, a course which the mannerless might describe as too good for the event. I have read in the papers that many of the competitors have expressed delighted surprise at the quality of this great golf course. This strikes me as being a little odd, for Formby has long been known among elder golfers as one of the most delightful and one of the best of all golf courses of England.

However, to revert to the military. They have just taken part in what must have been the greatest—from the point of view of size—team match which has ever been played at golf. The entire Army Golfing Society, represented at St. Andrews, played a foursome match by four balls against a team drawn from all the clubs of St. Andrews. The Army ran out victors by winning 58 matches and losing 32. Exercise in mental arithmetic will give my readers some idea as to the multitude which was playing.

The first of the minor events was the English County Championship, which is an event decided by thirty-six holes of medal play on the part of four representatives for each county, and takes the form of a very strenuous prelude to the English Golf Championship. The actual results do not give very definite ideas of the correct strength of the counties for the very good reason that few of them are ever fully represented. Worcestershire won the title this year, and very likely would have won in any case had their rivals been able to call upon their very best players, for Formby is a course on which it is extremely difficult to do a good score, and yet the eight rounds played between W. M. Robb, C. S. Buckley, E. W. Fiddian and A. S. Newey resulted in a total of 610 strokes. Really good scoring!

The worst individual round was a 78 and the best a 74, and the most consistent of the four players was Eric Fiddian, who returned two rounds of 76. This is a pleasing performance if one is considering the Walker Cup prospects. But less pleasing was the performance of H. G. Bentley, with whom one must condole on a desperately bad day. The only other Walker Cup player concerned was the captain, the Hon. Michael Scott, and although his scores might have been a little better, yet they were not too bad. By the time that he reaches St. Andrews he may well have played himself into his best form.

The other event to which I should like to refer is the Sussex Amateur Championship, which took place at Pulborough. This was preceded by an inter-club contest run on precisely the same lines as the County Championship. These rounds counted concurrently for the qualifying stages of the Championship. The club event was won by the Cooden Beach Golf Club, which had the able assistance of Rex Hartley and A. R. Aitken. The Championship itself was won by Darsie Watson, a Forrester from Ashdown, who has previously been champion of Sussex. To a certain extent the competition lost interest by the unavoidable absence of the holder of the Championship—Cyril Tolley—but it seemed to me, attending for the first time, that there was a delightful air of lightheartedness about the whole event which is, most unfortunately, very conspicuously absent from most competitive golfing events of the present day.

I should say that the Sussex Golf Union is in extremely healthy condition, for it obviously is very well supported, and it seems to foster the right spirit. My own views of Unions of all sorts are well known, so that, coming from me, these words mean more than their face value.

The course at Pulborough, in spite of its youth and the very hard time with which it has had to contend in the last twelve months, was in excellent condition. Throughout most of the drought water was not available, and it must be confessed that less than a fortnight before the event took place, many, including myself, were very doubtful as to the condition in which the greens would be for this Championship. It is perfectly true that the greens were difficult, but they always will be difficult at Pulborough, because of the fiendish cunning with which they have been laid out. But I am happy to be able to say, with perfect truth, that there was nothing wrong with them during the week of the Sussex Amateur Championship.

Before leaving the subject it should be noted that Darsie Watson's opponent in the final was C. S. Hudson, whom he had two years ago defeated in this same final at the thirty-seventh hole. Hudson fought extremely hard again on this occasion, and only lost by one hole in a splendid finish where the players halved the last three holes in four apiece, which is very good going indeed. I believe I am right in saying that this was Hudson's third unsuccessful appearance in the final, but such a consistent performance should bring its proper reward in some future year.

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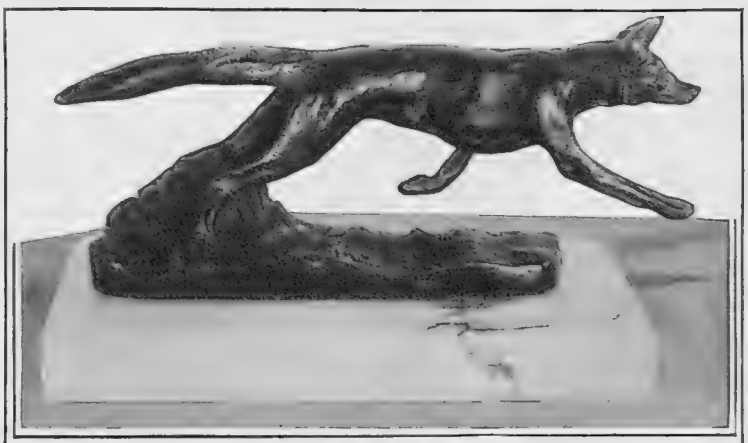

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Biographies are fashionable, so let me give you something of the history of Eau-de-Cologne, the companion of Society, through its aristocratic and plebeian phases, for several hundred years, and still an essential of the fastidious toilet.

In 1709 two Italian brothers named Farina opened a shop in Cologne where they sold silks and fancy goods and a "cordial water," made of alcohol and the essences of sweet-smelling herbs, which they called "Aqua Admirabilis." Its fame spread abroad and reached Paris, then the centre of civilisation, coquetry and luxury. The glove shops and perfumers were meeting-places for the gay, gossiping Society of the day, and the Farina Brothers' "water" quickly became vastly popular as a restorative and refreshment and an integral part of the fastidious toilet. Because of its origin it was called, in Paris, Eau-de-Cologne, and has retained the name to this day.

In 1840 Jean Marie Farina, then head of the original firm in Cologne, sold his business and the precious formula of the original "Eau-de-Cologne" to the famous French perfumers, Roger and Gallet, and to this day they alone can and do manufacture Eau-de-Cologne according to the Farina formula. Owing to certain idiosyncrasies in the laws, Farina, being a surname, cannot be registered as a trade mark, and the universal popularity of "Eau-de-Cologne" has, inevitably, led to imitations of the lovely and exhilarating toilet-water being put on the market. But the "secret" of real Farina Eau-de-Cologne is Roger and Gallet's, and in spite of the temptation of competition from cheaper products, they have maintained the standard of their Eau-de-Cologne, and use only the ingredients of the original recipe and pure alcohol instead of the cheaper "Industrial Spirit" employed by many firms of perfumery manufacturers. This applies not only to the Eau-de-Cologne itself, but all the toilet preparations from Roger and Gallet, the delightful, suave and superfatted Eau-de-Cologne toilet soap, and the fine and silky face-powder.

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The uses to which Eau-de-Cologne can be put are manifold, and I have not the space to enlarge on them: the subtlety and freshness of the scent is known to all *connoisseurs* of the toilet as well as the bouquet of a fine wine is known to *amateurs* of the cellar. A few drops in the water of a bath or basin add to the refreshment and tonic effect; it will cool the brow of the fevered and, by its stimulating effect, relieve pain.

We very much regret that a misunderstanding has arisen with regard to our article in the issue of April 17th dealing with the facial treatment of Madame Manners. We would like to point out that surgery is in no sense a correct description of her work of facial rejuvenation.

"The Bystander" Ladies' SCOTTISH FOURSOMES (11th Year)

at North Berwick, JUNE 12 to 15, 1934

Holders: Mrs. H. V. Newton and Miss J. Firth

Entries close Friday, May 25th. Enter NOW

Open to all players with L.G.U. Handicaps, whether they are Scottish, Irish, Welsh, English or Overseas. Entries will also be accepted from foreign competitors at their home handicaps.

CONDITIONS

Joint handicaps for any couple limited to 30 L.G.U. Couples over the limit may compete on the limit, Handicap certificates to be shown before play.

Competitors may choose their own partners, and entries should be made in couples, stating handicaps, to reach Miss E. E. Helme, The Bystander Office, 346, Strand, W.C.2, not later than Friday, May 25th.

The Bystander reserves the right to close the entry list before that date should more than 128 couples enter, but will accept entries beyond 128 couples and from these will fill any subsequent vacancies as far as possible.

Play under three-eighths of difference of combined handicaps, limited as above, in a knock-out match play tournament.

Halved matches to be played to a finish, strokes being taken at the same holes as in a complete round.

Challenge Cups (to be held for one year) and replicas will be given to the winners and prizes to the runners-up and unsuccessful semi-finalists.

HOTELS

The Bystander Headquarters for the Scottish Foursomes will be *The Royal Hotel, North Berwick*, where the special terms for competitors will be 15s. per day each, inclusive. Special terms also at *Marine Hotel, North Berwick*; 16s. 6d. per day, single room; or 15s. each if sharing a double room.

NATIONAL PLAYING FIELDS ASSOCIATION COMPETITION

The Competition for the National Playing Fields Association Challenge Cup and other prizes, conducted by the Scottish Ladies' Golfing Association, will be played at North Berwick on June 12th and following days. ALL ENTRANTS FOR "THE BYSTANDER" SCOTTISH FOURSOMES and members of clubs affiliated to the S.L.G.A. ARE ELIGIBLE TO COMPETE.

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Please notify change of address, handicap, or partner to Miss Helme as above; or after June 8th to her at Royal Hotel, North Berwick. Telephone: 3 North Berwick.

All entries for The Bystander *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in any issue of* The Bystander *during the current month.* **Coupons must be attached to the cards** *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of* The Bystander, 346, Strand, W.C.2, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

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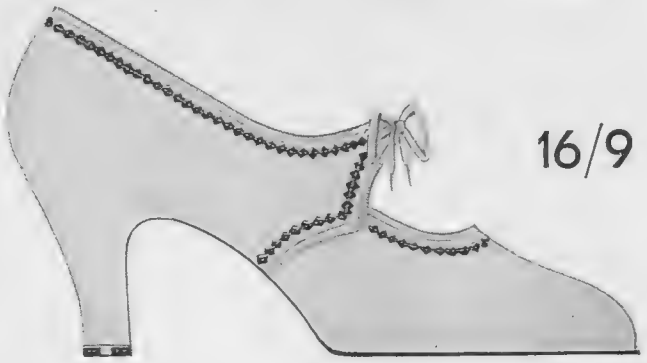

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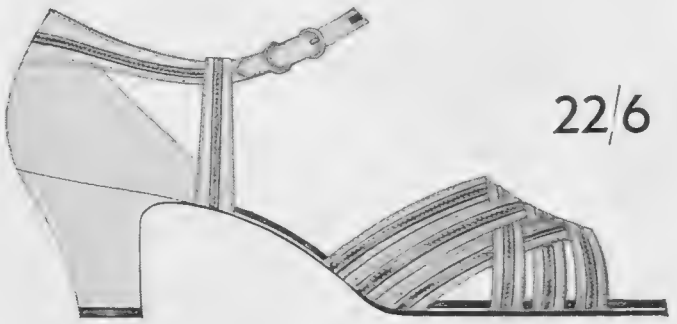

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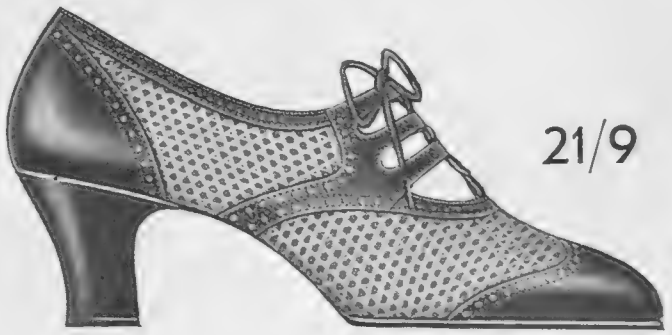

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What's On

"The Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

THE THEATRE

Plays

BIOGRAPHY.—Ina Claire as the artist who 's going to write her memoirs, Laurence Olivier as the journalist who persuades her to; Sam Livesey and Frank Cellier; Noel Coward production: Globe, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

CHRISTOPHER BEAN, THE LATE.—Cedric Hardwicke and Edith Evans continue to act inimitably in the play about the lost masterpiece of a dead artist: St. James's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

CLIVE OF INDIA.—Leslie Banks excellent as Clive, the man of adventure; Gillian Lind equally good as his wife, in a historical drama of action and power: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW.—Elmer Rice's breathlessly energetic play, with Hugh Miller excellent as the counsellor, Elspeth Duxbury as his secretary, and a cast that keeps going at top speed: Piccadilly, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

THE COUNTRY WIFE.—Wycherley's amusing indecencies and nimbly-phrased innuendoes are revived twice daily: Ambassadors, 2.30 and 8.30 (except Monday).

DARK HORIZON.—Lesley Storm's play happens just before the next Armageddon; the cast includes Marda Vanne, Ann Todd, Margaret Webster, James Raglan, Ernest Jay: Daly's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

DOUBLE DOOR.—Sybil Thorndike superbly Grand Guignol, and especially when she goes mad; Owen Nares as her brother, and Carol Goodner as her sister-in-law whom she claps into a vault, in a Victorian melodrama that 's full of excitement and horror: Strand, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

EMIL AND THE DETECTIVES.—English stage version of the German play and film success; Desmond Tester heads the cast of twenty boys: Vaudeville, 2.30. Sat., 8.30.

ESCAPE ME NEVER.—Elisabeth Bergner hopes to return to her part next week: Apollo.

THE LAUGHING WOMAN.—Stephen Haggard and Veronica Turleigh perfectly matched in the sensitive vitality and beauty of their playing as Gordon Daviot's young artist and the woman who inspires, loves, and looks after him: New, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

LIBEL.—A legal play, with Frances Doble, Malcolm Keen, Nigel Playfair, Leon M. Lion, Aubrey Mather: Playhouse, 8.40. Wed., Sat., 2.40.

THE MASK AND THE FACE.—Jeanne de Casalis, Franklin Dyall and Ivan Sampson in a play from the Italian: Royalty, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE OLD FOLKS AT HOME.—Marie Tempest has the perfect part in H. M. Harwood's brilliant comedy: Queen's, 8.40. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

REUNION IN VIENNA.—Perfect polish, wit, and charm, and the authentic Viennese glamour in Robert Sherwood's play as acted by Lynn Fontanne, Alfred Lunt, Cecil Parker, and Clive Currie: Lyric, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

RUTH DRAPER.—Second week of her three-weeks' season: Haymarket, 8.45. Wed., Sat., 2.45.

SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL at Stratford-on-Avon; the plays, April 30th—May 5th, are *King Henry V.*, *Much Ado About Nothing*, *Romeo and Juliet*, *Twelfth Night*, *Love's Labour's Lost*, *Julius Cæsar*, *King Henry V.*, *The Tempest*: nightly at 8. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

SIXTEEN.—A play as delightfully acted as written, about a girl (Antoinette Cellier) who resents the marriage of her mother (Fabia Drake) to a second husband (Godfrey Tearle); Muriel Aked and Helen Haye are in the cast: Criterion, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

THE WIND AND THE RAIN.—A charming and light-hearted story of student life in Edinburgh, with Robert Harris and Celia Johnson playing sweethearts, and occasionally in a minor key: St. Martin's, 8.30. Mon., Tues., Fri., 2.30.

With Music

CONVERSATION PIECE.—Yvonne Printemps witty, mocking, always delightful, as the heroine of Noel Coward's Regency play; Pierre Fresnay takes the part of the elderly Duke; perfect décor and dresses: His Majesty's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE GEISHA.—Rose Hignell as the authentic, and Bertha Riccardo as the English geishas; the songs have lasted better than the comedy in this revival: Garrick, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE GOLDEN TOY.—Ludwig Berger's Arabian Night, with Peggy Ashcroft, Ion Swinley, Ernest Thesiger, Nellie Wallace: Coliseum, 2.30 and 8.15.

MR. WHITTINGTON.—Musical-comedy, with Jack Buchanan as its gay mainstay, and Elsie Randolph, Alfred Drayton, and Fred Emney as its further supports: Hippodrome, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

SPORTING LOVE.—A new all-laughing success, with Stanley Lupino as king laughter-maker, Laddie Cliff as his dancing clown-chamberlain, and Vera Bryer, Jennie Dean and Marjorie Brown as the girls: Gaiety, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

THREE SISTERS.—A sentimentally spectacular musical-comedy, with Charlotte Greenwood, Adèle Dixon, and Victoria Hopper as the sisters; Eliot Makeham, Stanley Holloway, and Albert Burdon as the leading men; and some real geese: Drury Lane, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

WHY NOT TO-NIGHT?—Nelson Keys, Florence Desmond, and the Diamond Brothers are the high-lights of this star-ish revue: Palace, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

Mirth and Mystery

AFTERWARDS.—Walter Hackett mixes crookery with farce, Marion Lorne, Ronald Squire, and Gordon Harker topping the cast: Whitehall, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

GOOD MORNING, BILL.—Peter Haddon, Winifred Shotter, Phyllis Monkman, and Laurence Grossmith in P. G. Wodehouse's light-hearted comedy, which is as funny as ever it was: Saville, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

INDOOR FIREWORKS.—A farcical comedy with a bit too much tu-quoque humour in the family quarrels of Fay Compton, Lady Tree, Mary Brough, Reginald Gardiner: Aldwych, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

LABURNUM GROVE.—Edmund Gwenn as the family-man who may or may not be a crook, and Mary Jerrold as his wife, in J. B. Priestley's entertaining mystery-comedy: Duchess, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

TEN-MINUTE ALIBI.—A dream inspired the murderer, and putting the clock back nearly saved his skin; Robert Douglas in his original part: Phœnix, 8.30. Mon., Thurs., 2.30.

WITHOUT WITNESS.—Nicholas Hannen, Hugh E. Wright, and Joan Marion in Anthony Armstrong's and Harold Simpson's murder thriller: Duke of York's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

First Nights

SHE LOVES ME NOT.—Three Americans, Vera Marshe, William Halligan, and Howard Philips, in the cast of a comedy about Curley Flagg, a cabaret artist, and her adventures with gangsters, policemen, and undergraduates: Adelphi, to-night.

THE VOYSEY INHERITANCE.—Granville Barker's comedy revived: Sadler's Wells, May 3.

OPERA

COVENT GARDEN.—*Rheingold*, May 1st, 8.30. *Walküre*, May 2nd, 5.45. *Siegfried*, May 4th, 5.45. *Gotterdammerung*, May 7th, 5.15. *Fidelio*, May 8th, 8.30.

CINEMAS

BOTTOMS UP.—Spencer Tracy and Pat Patterson in a slap-stick, wise-cracking comedy with music: Capitol.

CATHERINE THE GREAT.—Elisabeth Bergner's first English film is now showing at the Marble Arch Pavilion.

CHARLEMAGNE.—French satirical comedy, with Raimu excellent as the stoker who became king of a desert island; Marie Glory as the only girl: Academy.

IT HAPPENED ONE NIGHT.—And all because Clark Gable met Claudette Colbert: Tivoli.

MAN OF ARAN.—Robert Flaherty's epic of the Western Islands of Ireland, with a cast of islanders, has its world première: New Gallery.

MORGENROT.—The brilliantly photographed German U-boat film has Rudolf Forster as the Commander, Else Knott, Fritz Geuschow and Adele Sandrock in the cast: Curzon.

ON SECRET SERVICE.—Greta Nissen as an Italian spy, and Carl Diehl as an Austrian officer: Regal.

THE RETURN OF BULLDOG DRUMMOND.—Ralph Richardson as the Bulldog, Ann Todd as the heroine, and Francis L. Sullivan as the villain of "Sapper's" story: Regal.

RIPTIDE.—The lovely Norma Shearer's new film, with Robert Montgomery, Herbert Marshall, and Mrs. Patrick Campbell (her first talkie): Empire.

ROMAN SCANDALS.—Eddie Cantor's new riot of nonsense, aided by Ruth Etting, Gloria Stuart, and lots of girls: Leicester Square Theatre.

WONDER BAR.—Al Jolson's singing, dancing, and humour are his best yet; the star cast of this musical comedy includes Dolores del Rio, Kay Francis, Ricardo Cortez, Dick Powell: Carlton.

YOU 'RE TELLING ME.—A family comedy, with W. C. Fields as the henpecked husband who 's an inventor, surrounded by Joan Marsh, Adrienne Ames, and Larry Buster Crabbe: Plaza.

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LONDON MUSIC FESTIVAL.—With B.B.C. Orchestra. Bach's Brandenburg Concerto No. 1, Beethoven's Violin Concerto in D, and Brahm's Third Symphony. Adrian Boult conducts, Carl Flesch is the soloist: Queen's Hall, May 4th, 8.15.

Hindemith's Das Unaufhörliche, with Adelheid Arnhold, Parry Jones, Arthur Cranmer, Harold Williams, and the B.B.C. Chorus; Boult conducts: Queen's Hall, May 7th, 8.15.

Recitals

EDITHA BRAHAM.—Violin recital, assisted by Freda Swain, pianist: Æolian Hall, May 3rd, 8.30.

CONCHITA SUPERVIA, HOROWITZ, and PIATIGORSKY.—In aid of Queen Charlotte's Maternity Hospital: Queen's Hall, May 8th, 8.30.

(Continued on page D)

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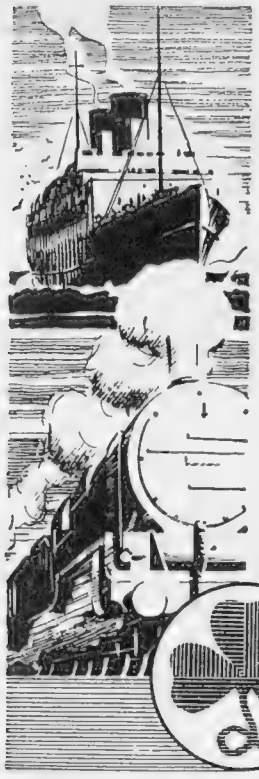

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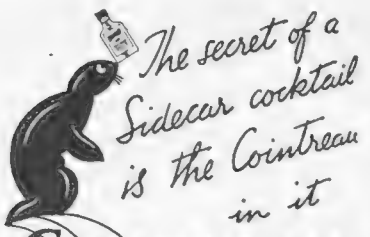

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What's On

(Continued from page B)

DANCING AND DINING

Restaurants

CAFÉ ANGLAIS.—Carolin Buchman and her seven American girls do some good dancing stuff; Howard Jacobs and his band: extension night, Friday.

CAFÉ DE PARIS.—Marion Harris is back again with some new songs and old favourites; Roy Fox and his band play for dancing: extension night, Wednesday.

CAFÉ DE LA PAIX.—Dare Lea and his band play dance music and the Three Rhythm Aces play and sing in cabaret. Hostesses' nights are Wednesday and Friday.

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CHEZ QUAGLINO.—The Andrée Trio dance; Van Straten's band plays dance music: extension night, Wednesday.

DORCHESTER HOTEL.—The Paradise Club Girls are here now, loveliest of all, with Edith Roarke as queen-lovely, Sunny O'Rea as star dancer: Jack Jackson's band plays.

GROSVENOR HOUSE.—The new Grosvenor Gaieties, with some lovely English girls, dance and sing at dinner and supper; Moscheto's and Syd Lipton's bands: extension night, Thursday.

MONSEIGNEUR.—Beatrice Lillie is back here, with her songs and mimicry; Jack Harris makes music to dance to: extension night, Thursday.

ODDENINO'S.—In the restaurant one can dine and dance; in the Bavarian brasserie one can eat and drink Continental fashion.

PICCADILLY.—Jack François, Mel and Melma give two dancing turns; Mary Erik roller-skates: extension night, Friday.

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SHOWS AND EXHIBITIONS

ALPINE GARDEN AND RHODODENDRON SHOW: Horticultural Hall, May 1st and 2nd.

AUSTRIAN EXHIBITION: Dorland Hall, Regent Street.

ROYAL ACADEMY: Burlington House. Private View Day, May 5th.

CATHLEEN MANN.—Exhibition of portraits and costume designs: Knoedler's Galleries, Bond Street.

INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT EXHIBITION: Horticultural Hall, from May 7th.

CHILDREN THROUGHOUT THE AGES.—In aid of Greater London Fund for the Blind: Chesterfield House.

INTERNATIONAL POSTER EXHIBITION: New Burlington Galleries.

ROYAL INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS: Royal Institute Galleries.

SPORT

CRICKET. — Australia v. Worcestershire: Worcester, May 2nd.

Australia v. Leicestershire: Leicester, May 5th.

GOLF.—R. and A. Spring Medal: St. Andrews, May 2nd.

"Golf Illustrated" Gold Vase: Walton Heath, May 2nd.

St. George's Cup: Royal St. George's, Sandwich, May 2nd.

Ladies v. Men: Stoke Poges, May 5th.

TENNIS.—Hard Court Championships of Great Britain: Bournemouth, to May 5th.

RACING.—Two Thousand Guineas, May 2nd, One Thousand Guineas, May 4th: Newmarket.

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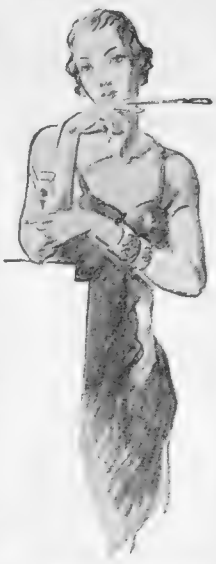

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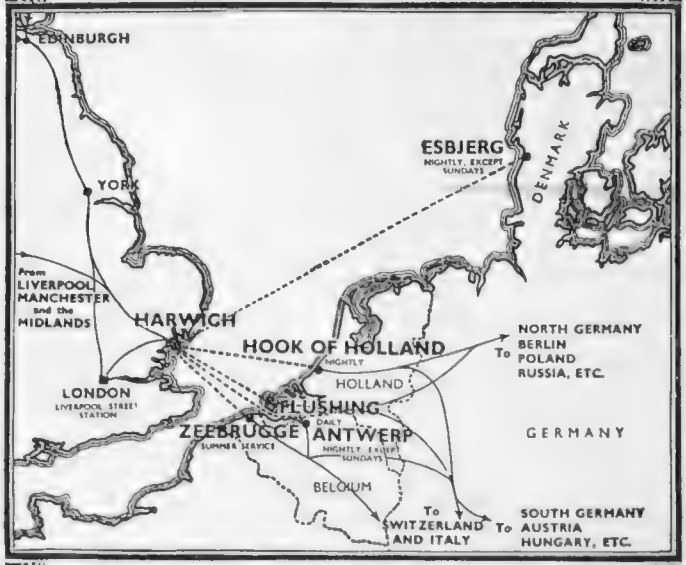

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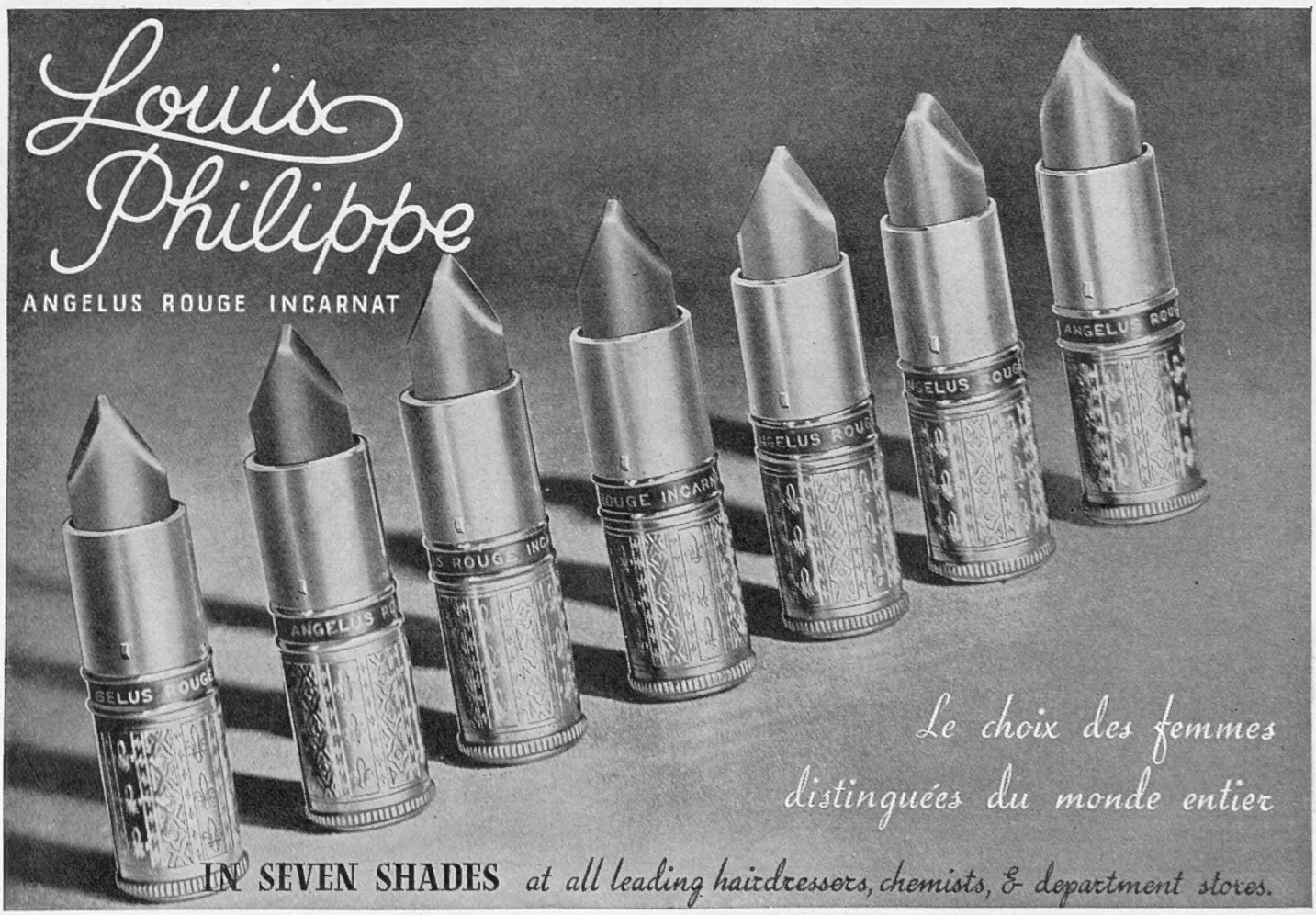

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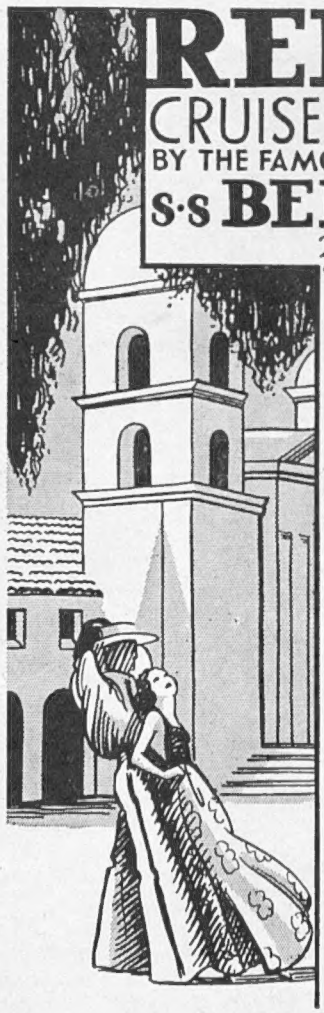

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